VOL. CCIX, No. 2731

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THE SPHERE, JUNE 14, 1952
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The SPHERE

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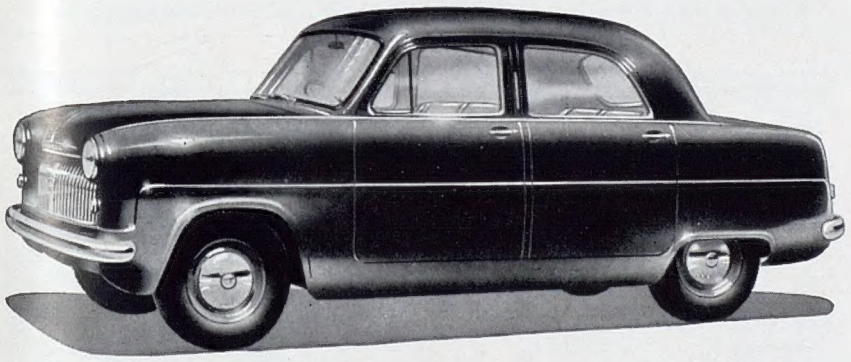

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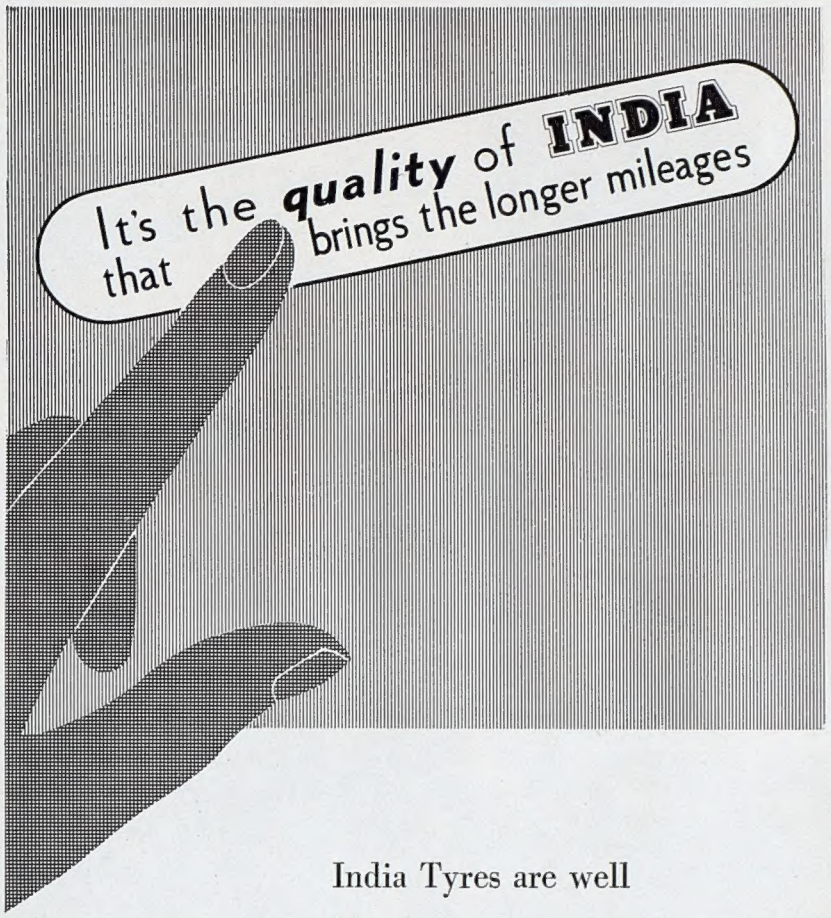

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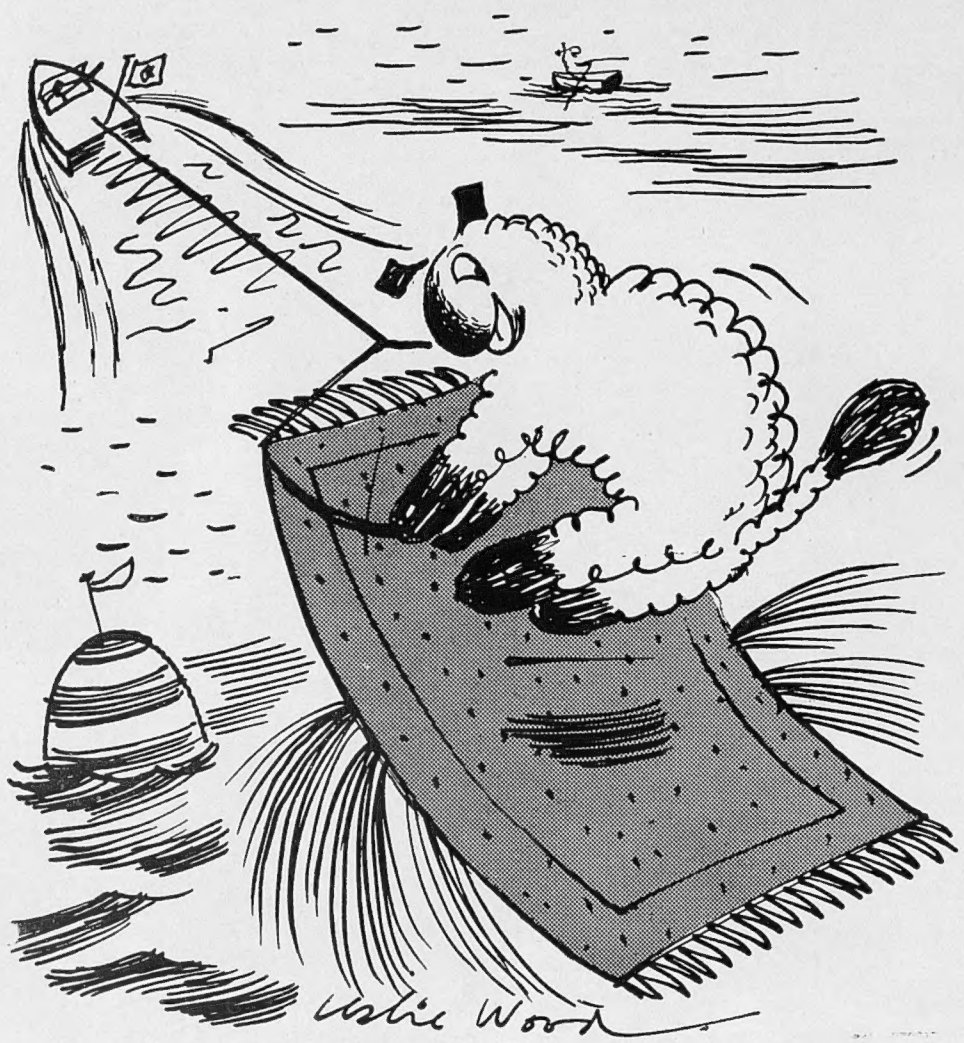

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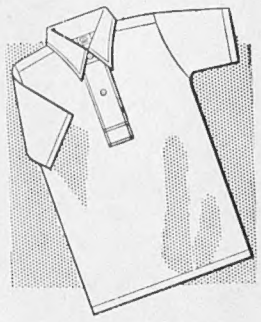

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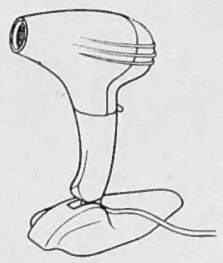

G.E.C. YOUR GUARANTEE

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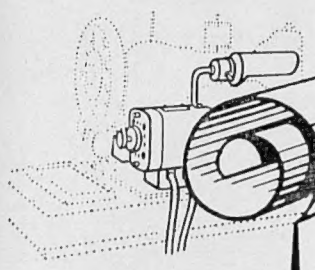

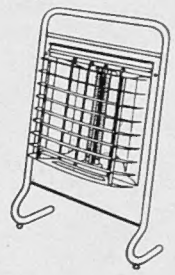

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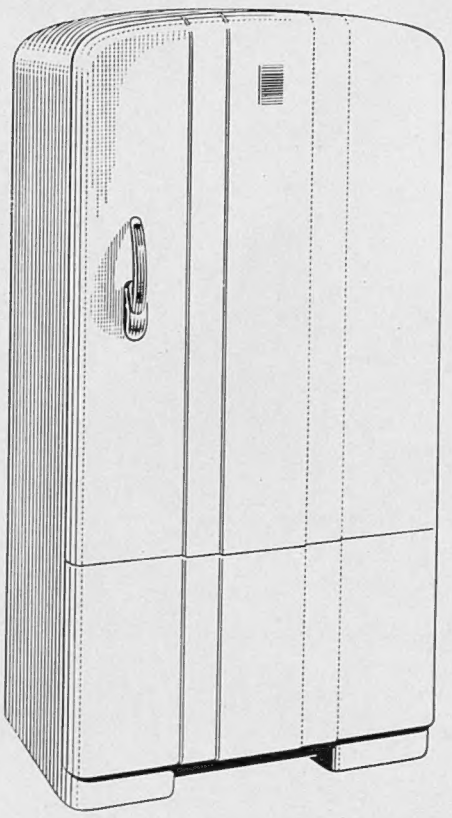
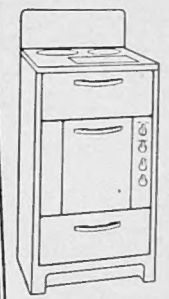
G.E.C. YOUR JARANTEE





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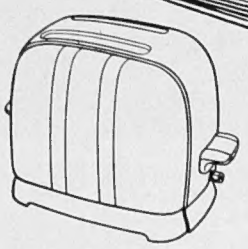

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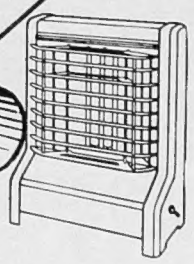

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Volume CCIX No. 2731 The SPHERE, London, June 14, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY—HER MAJESTY, IN SCARLET TUNIC AND TRICORNE, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD ON RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER ATTENDING THE BIRTHDAY PARADE OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS AND THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR: This was the first time that a reigning Queen had participated in this traditional ceremony on her official birthday. She wore the scarlet tunic of Colonel-in-Chief of the Scots Guards, and on her tricorne hat was the brooch badge of the Regiment. Across the Queen's scarlet tunic was the sash of the Order of the Garter.

The first public pageant of the new reign was enacted in London on June 5, the day set aside for the celebration of the Queen's official birthday. Many thousands of people flocked into London for the occasion, and vast crowds lined the Mall as the Queen, in her uniform of scarlet and gold, rode out from the Palace on her police horse Winston. A crescendo of cheers marked the progress of the Queen along the Mall, past Marlborough House, where Queen Mary watched from a balcony, and on to the parade-ground. After that the Colour was trooped along the lines of the five guards, each seventy-six strong. Then the Queen sat erect, her whited-gloved hand at the salute, as the long precise lines wheeled by. The return to the Palace was marked by more cheering, and after the Queen entered the gates the crowd surged forward in acclaim. (Further pictures will be found on pages 408 to 410 of this issue.)

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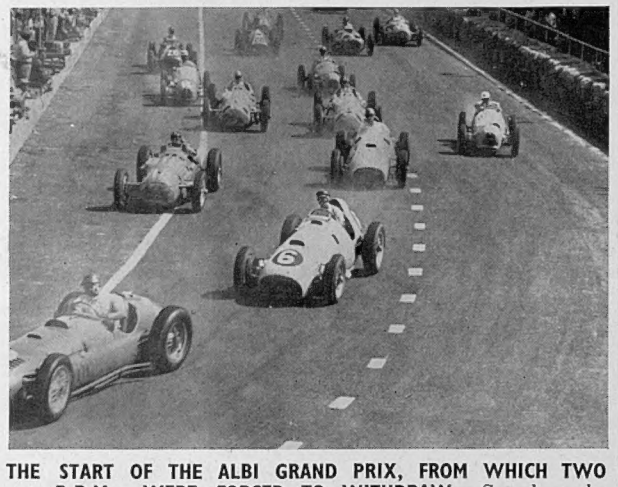
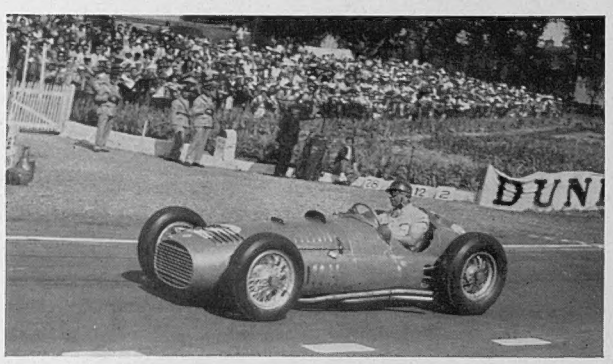
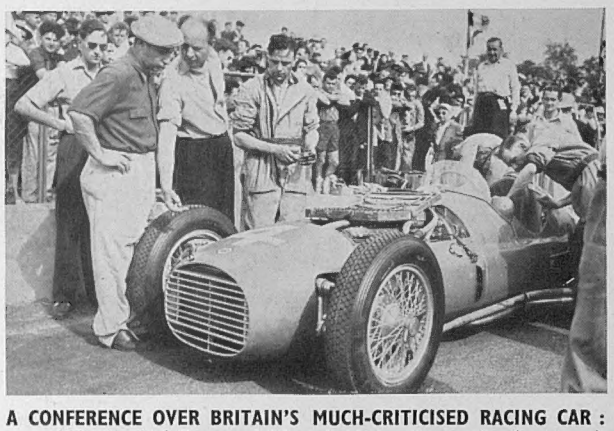
B.R.M.s IN TROUBLE IN TWO RACES



THE START OF THE ALBI GRAND PRIX, FROM WHICH TWO B.R.M.s WERE FORCED TO WITHDRAW: Seated at the controls of the bottom left-hand car is the Argentine driver Juan Fangio, one of the two drivers of the B.R.M.s. Fangio, who was leading from Rosier (Ferrari), the eventual winner, retired from the race about half-way through and said that a cylinder-head bolt had sheared. The other B.R.M. driver, Jose Gonzalez, left the race much earlier, but not until he had set up a new lap record of 106.9 m.p.h. Both cars suffered from damaged cooling systems. Last week-end when the B.R.M.s had to retire from the Ulster International Trophy Race, Raymond Mays said: "We have really had extremely bad luck and we shall go on trying."



A B.R.M. TRAVELLING AT SPEED: Juan Fangio was leading for the first fifteen laps of the French race, but after taking 2½ minutes to refuel, was forced to retire at the end of the sixteenth lap.



A CONFERENCE OVER BRITAIN'S MUCH-CRITICISED RACING CAR: B.R.M. chief Raymond Mays (with hand over the front tyre) confers with Fangio over the 1½-litre supercharged B.R.M.

B.R.M.s FAIL IN THE ULSTER INTERNATIONAL TROPHY RACE AT THE DUNDROD CIRCUIT: While Fangio sits at the wheel the B.R.M. designer, Peter Berthon, watches adjustments being made to the engine. At one time Fangio was lying third.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Danger from Russia.—"Danger from Russia"; "The Russian Menace"; "What Will Russia Do?" The headlines all seemed to suggest that now the Cold War is hotting up again following the signing of the contracts and of the European Defence Treaty. The menaces from the Russian side of Berlin during the past weeks are as straws in the wind, and all the political correspondents suggest that a critical time lies ahead of Mr. Eden on that issue, no less than on the issues in Korea and the Middle East, with all of which, of course, the U.S.S.R. are closely concerned. So the headline reader lays aside his paper, assured that we may expect still dirtier work at the Berlin cross-roads this summer. But the reader who reads the smaller print between the banner headlines gains a little comfort. The danger from Russia, in the view of many journalists, lies first and foremost in Helsinki and not in Berlin. It is in Finland that the Russian challenge must be met, and at Helsinki the zero hour can be exactly fixed. The Olympic Games open in July, a month hence. The Russian team will take a full part; the menace from Russia's track-Amazons is real and grave. "Times and figures emanating from the U.S.S.R." (says Mr. Abrahams) "are ominously impressive," and the danger from the women at least cannot be overrated. I take comfort—a little grain of comfort—that half these dangers are expected from Helsinki and not Berlin. It is true that half the world's population is much more interested in sport than in politics, and quite as likely to go berserk over a lost football match as over a lost province. It is true that Olympic Games are often as effective breeders of international hate as are Communist or Fascist propaganda. But somehow I am glad that half the Press jeremiads about the Russian menace have Helsinki as the Cockpit of Europe.

Wake Up, Britain!—Of course it's an old cry. George V was still merely the Duke of Cornwall when he threw the bomb and jolted our industrialists at the dawn of the century when we were still the world's industrial monopolists and as rich as Crœsus. It is not so now, and my journalist's mail is largely made up of vigorous letters from across the oceans which suggest all too bluntly that we are work-shy and will soon be down and out. The odd thing is that in 1903 we rather enjoyed that criticism; we called it sour grapes and took pride in the sorry little bunches from overseas. To-day we are highly susceptible to such criticism, perhaps from guilty consciences, and the journalist who gives publicity to these criticisms of industry on the home front may be quite sure of a bunch of raspberries and accusations of treachery and of belittling his own nation. From Australia, Canada, New Zealand, America, South America, the bludgeons and the pinpricks are busy. We don't work hard enough. Our goods have not the inventiveness or the finish of former days. We are slow in our deliveries, apathetic in salesmanship. The Yanks and the Germans and the Japs can all give us lessons in the meaning of work, in speed and efficiency of output. Our friends and relations in the Commonwealth are among the most brutally frank. One or two of my correspondents, it is true, hailed originally from Yorkshire, where rough tongues are common, but the sum of the criticism tots up to a big stack of straws. And sometimes one has to admit that the few lines of manufactures available to the home market are shoddier than they were. The shirts that shrink to half their size after the first wash, the buttons that fall off, the seams that split, the car-fittings issued half-finished, the bulbs that fuse, the vests that unravel, the cheap-jack hosiery. . . .

The Secret Weapon.—Sometimes, no doubt, "it isn't the things they say, but the nasty way they say it" which distresses us and reminds us of a hundred good reasons why hard work and fine, careful work are so difficult to achieve to-day in Britain. In some lines (we fairly claim) British workmanship was never finer than to-day. When they tell us to think less of pay-packets, holidays with pay, pools and football and dogs and more about the job, we remind them that pay-packets and ball-fans are plenty in the States and Canada, and we fall back on our frustrations and our war weariness and argue that, all things considered, our output is not so bad. And our tactful Ministers, when not warning us, flatter us in this belief. I am not fit to judge merely by the experience of rotten buttons and faulty screws. But I do feel that our national vulnerability to such criticism may have its roots in a guilty conscience. A buyers' market is a good occasion for taking stock. At any rate, my limited opportunity and experience of employing casual labour convince me that the younger generation is often much more concerned with the rate for the job than with the job to be done. "It's our new secret weapon," a German told an Englishman who was astounded by rebuilding progress in Germany. "What is that?" "*Work*," said the German. We have still to win the peace and we shall not do it solely by taxation and treaties.

Birthday Baronets.—I always study the Honours List with enjoyment, though, well I know as many hearts are broken as are rejoiced on the biennial publication of the Great Divide. I have never concealed the identities of my "King Charles heads," the bees in my bonnet, my "hates." Among them are *novelised* biographies and baronets. (Viscounts also in a lesser degree.) And now it seems that baronetcies may become, like nationalised industries, a matter of scrambling and unscrambling by new Governments. Labour restricts the Bloody Hand to London's Lord Mayors. The Tories bestow it as freely as of old. It is a pointless honour to a man without a male heir, and surely an illogical one in a modern democracy, and a "classless" society in which "all men are born equal." Classless . . . my foot! The majority love a lord as dearly as ever, be he an undergraduate, a Trade Union chief or of Norman descent. And while the Tories reign, we shall continue to enrich the viscountcy and the baronetage. If the Birthday Honours are no longer than usual, they reveal an Edwardian touch. As of old, the Ambassadors, the Courtiers and the Civil Servants climb to the Grand Cross degree of their appropriate orders by the passage of years; as of old "suitable" wearers of the gilt balls are picked and distinguished, and as of old "something is done" to remember the minor services of literature and the arts.

REVIVAL OF A MEDIEVAL GERMAN CUSTOM

THE BLESSING OF HORSES AT LIMBURG, GERMANY: A priest on horseback leads a procession of about 800 farmers to a small chapel, believed to be more than 1,000 years old, for the revival of an ancient custom. The chapel once stood in the centre of a village whose inhabitants were the victims of a plague in the Middle Ages. Farmers from neighbouring villages carried off the stones and timber of the desolate village, but they did not dare touch the chapel. Instead, they made a pilgrimage there every year to thank the Blessed Virgin Mary for saving them from the plague. To-day local farmers still flock to the church every Whitsuntide, and gather round for a open-air Mass during which their horses are blessed.

Supreme Court Ruling.—At first sight there seems to be something in common between the rulings of the Supreme Courts in South Africa and in the States, but any such superficial parallel faded out quickly. In South Africa the Court challenged and set aside a portion of an Act of the Legislature. In the States the Supreme Court upheld the Lower Court's ruling that the President had acted unconstitutionally (in seizing the steel mills to avert a strike). The President's action had no authority from any known Act of Congress. His authority, if any, must therefore be found and read in the Constitution itself. He is certainly Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces and has enormous power as such during threat of war and of course, in war. Even accepting that the cold war is "threat of war," a majority of the Bench could not agree that even the gravest threat of war gave the President, as C.-in-C., power to seize private property as a means of preventing the drying-up of war production. Only the nation's law-givers can authorise that. A President can and must see that the laws are carried out, but he is not, and cannot be, a law-maker. He can only recommend to Congress Acts which he thinks

necessary; he can only veto, he cannot make them. Thus the Supreme Court upheld the unique power of Congress in the making of laws and condemned the President's action as unconstitutional. Thus, in South Africa the Courts claimed for themselves a power to challenge the supremacy of the Legislature; in America the Courts upheld Congress against a President's infringement of Congress's unique power and rights. But in both countries the actions of Malan and Truman have upset a big apple-cart,

Lady Desborough's Last Years.—Gratitude and admiration for a remarkable woman and a very great lady compel me to write a late note on the last years of Lady Desborough. After her accident in 1943, Lady Desborough, already seventy-five years old, became virtually a cripple and very rarely left that corner of Panshanger which was reserved to her. In summer and autumn she sat half the day in her summer-house, overlooking the lake, and there received her friends and wrote her letters and tore the heart out of the new books which she thought worth reading, reserving her criticisms—always broad-minded, pointful and generous—for her letters to literary friends. Nor did she neglect old books. She kept abreast of new and old, acknowledged no limits to her own interest, no barriers in time or space. To her own privately printed recollections of her childhood and youth she gave the title (from *The Merry Wives*) *Eyes of Youth*. It was well chosen; ageless herself, she warmed both hands before the fire of life and carried its warmth and colour into the lives of scores of men, women and children privileged with her friendship. In 1949 she printed some papers she had written on various themes and occasions which were as well worth preservation in proof of her rare gifts. The greatest statesmen, in times of crisis, found time enough (and time well spent) to visit and write to her. Still, in her eightieth year, they came to her with the devotion of lovers. Still in her eightieth year, she found "lovers in the young," and good and beauty and ground for hope in everything. Her own influence was never personally advertised but can rarely have been exceeded. Among the clever and brilliant women of their day, she and those friends of hers used their advantages and shed their great influence unobtrusively, held their ascendancy by kindliness, charity and generosity of mind, maintaining in social life, in an age of deteriorating standards of conduct, the very highest tenets of Christianity and culture. She kept up an enormous correspondence and her letters were of a kind to be read and read again. She loved good talk and promoted by never dominating it. In the last years of her life, during which I enjoyed the privilege of her friendship, no trace of malice pointed her wit. To her, charity, loyalty, courage and sympathy were the chief of human virtues, and the pursuit of beauty and truth, wherever they might be found, the first aim of living. She was the mother of three fine sons, full of promise, and she lost them all in their early youth. Lord Desborough died in 1945. But her rare spirit was unconquerable. Her own supreme tragedies served only to increase her sympathy in the sorrows and her pleasure in the joys and hopes of others, to confirm her faith in "the beauty and the living in the world." Indeed, her "bounty was as boundless as the sea, her love as deep." The last decade of her life was one long triumph of the spirit.

"Shot a Blackbird"—A clerk at Hull was recently convicted of shooting a blackbird out of season. For this sporting triumph he had to pay £2 11s. costs. It is an offence under our laws to shoot "wild birds" between March 1 and August 1. That any grown Englishman should wish at any time to shoot a song bird is a puzzle to me. They "order those things" better (or worse) in France among the Tartarins of Tarascon. But I am puzzled by the law. Are jays and magpies not "wild birds"? They are certainly pests, and many, but not nearly enough, die between March and August. Do I risk a conviction if I shoot a magpie or jay in my covert in March? Well, vermin destruction is one thing. The lust for slaughtering all forms of fauna and wild life is another, and it is the prevalent stupid vice of the age. In England, hordes of farmers and their (unlicensed) friends go out, a posse of guns, to wound and exterminate our barely surviving native roe, in the belief that they are escaped fallow deer. A rare bird, like an osprey, or even an oriole, is a prize for such sportsmen. But this lust for blood is not confined to Europe. A naturalist friend of mine, just returned from Africa, writes to me: "I went to Africa in the hope of tasting again the sights and sounds of primitive wild life. I got a glimpse in one or two places, but the wild life of Africa is in the twilight of its day and the conditions under which it still exists must make the angels weep. It is hunted, harried and warred on, and I am almost tempted to wish that its agony may be shortened and what is left confined in open-air zoos." and so "all men kill the thing they love" as of old, and modern men seem "a little lower than the beasts that perish" at their hands.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A SCOTTISH ROYAL PALACE

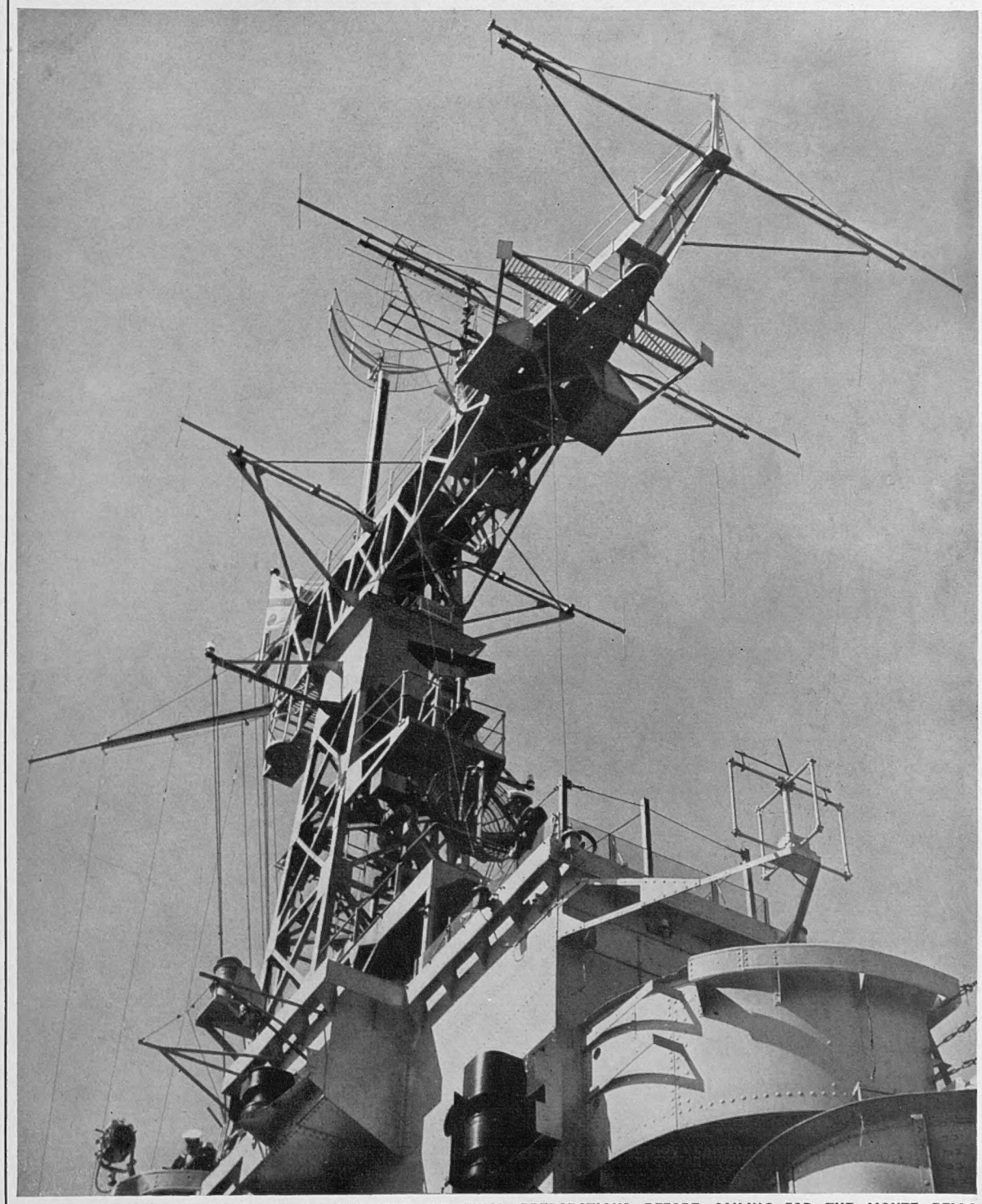
The Story of Holyroodhouse

By GEORGE BLAKE

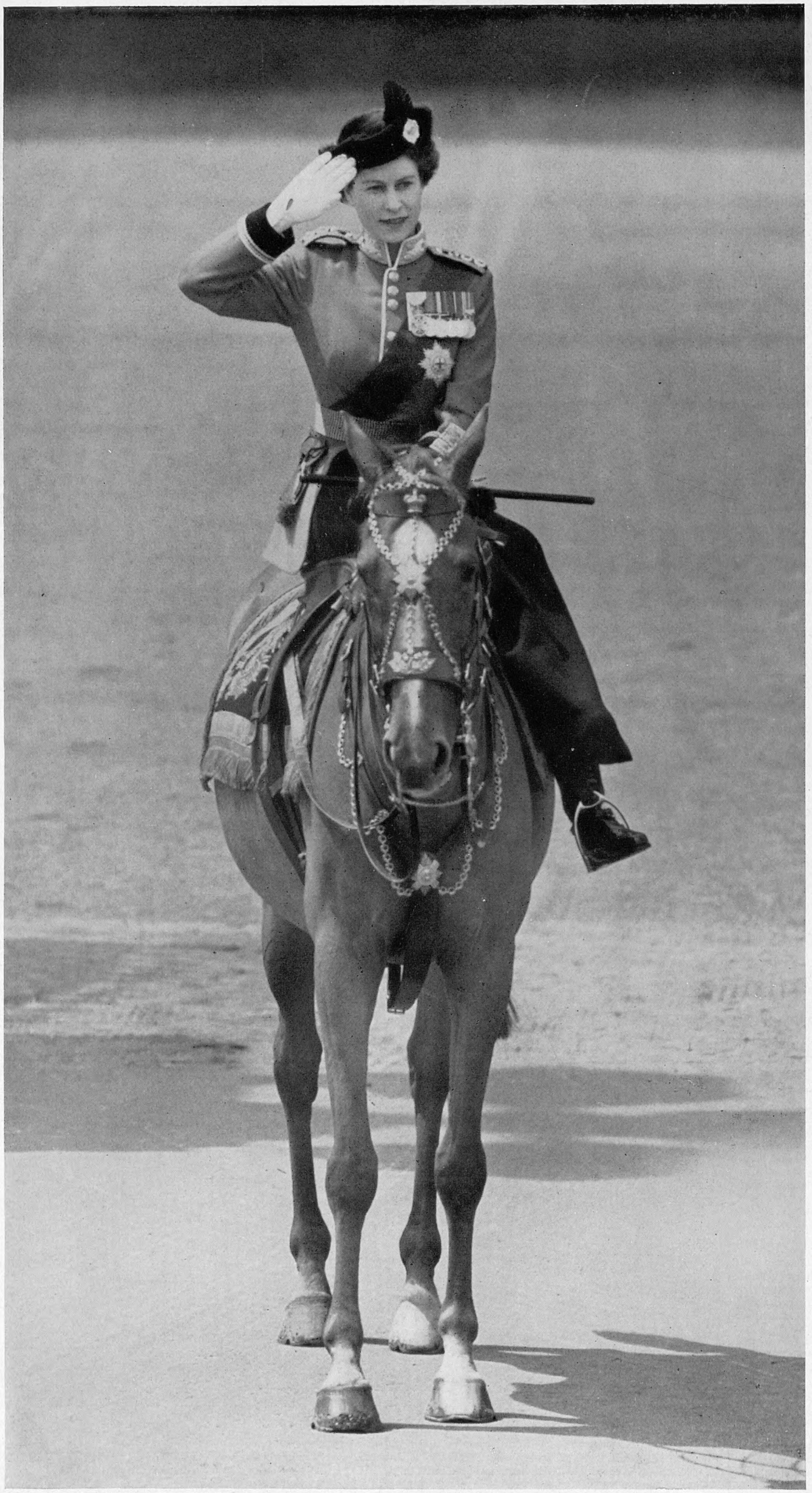
THE ANNUAL "BATTLE" OF THE BRIDGE IS FOUGHT AT PISA

THE OPPOSING TEAMS DRAWN UP AT EACH END OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ARNO BEFORE TAKING PART IN THEIR ANNUAL "BATTLE": The "battle" on the Pont di Mezzo was fought in accordance with a decree issued by Lorenzo de' Medici in 1490. The combatants, wearing ancient military costume, formed up on each side of the bridge and then took part in a parade. Later, each side tried to push a small cart on rails into the other's territory.

THE FESTIVAL SHIP PREPARES FOR THE AUSTRALIAN ATOM TESTS



H.M.S. "CAMPANIA" PUTS IN AT PORTSMOUTH FOR FINAL PREPARATIONS BEFORE SAILING FOR THE MONTE BELLO ISLANDS, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, FOR THE FIRST OF BRITAIN'S ATOMIC TESTS: A view looking up at the bridge and mast of the carrier as she arrived at Portsmouth for a week's stay, during which time no one was allowed to go on board without a special permit. The *Campania*, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral A. D. Torlesse, will carry personnel and equipment to the Monte Bello Islands. When the announcement of the Government's intention of carrying out the test was made, assurance was given that "It will be conducted in conditions which will ensure that there will be no danger whatever from radio-activity to the health of people or animals in the Commonwealth."

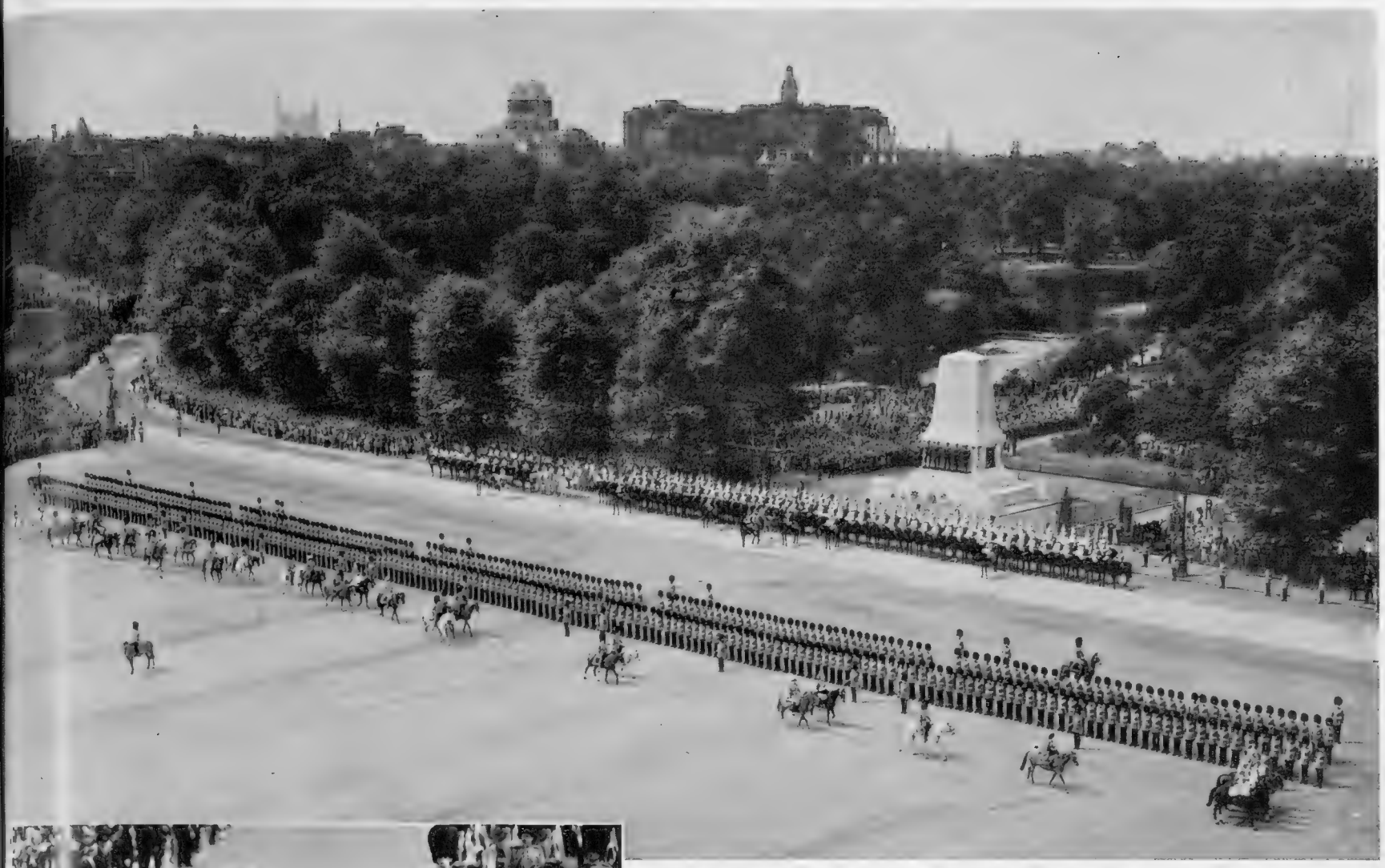


THE QUEEN TAKES THE SALUTE—SEATED SIDE-SADDLE ON THE METROPOLITAN POLICE HORSE WINSTON, HER MAJESTY, AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE FIVE REGIMENTS OF FOOT GUARDS, TAKES THE SALUTE AS THE GUARDS MARCH BY IN PRECISE ARRAY: The Queen rode with regal grace, and although Winston was at times restive, she showed no signs of being put out. Londoners will not soon forget this day when for the first time in nearly four centuries a Sovereign Queen rode among them.

TIGHTENING THE GIRTHS OF THE RESTIVE WINSTON: Major Francis, of London District H.Q., making the necessary alterations after the Queen's horse had shown himself restive during the ceremonial of the Birthday Parade on the Horse Guards Parade. Winston had been pawing the ground and backing against the archway in most disconcerting fashion. It became obvious that the saddle girth was too tight. After the adjustment had been made Winston steadied down for the remainder of the ceremonial. In the final march back to the Palace, when her Majesty rode at the head of the Guard, Winston was his old self.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE

Her Majesty Attends the Trooping the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade



THE QUEEN MAKES HER INSPECTION AT THE BIRTHDAY PARADE OF THE GUARDS : Her Majesty riding down the lines followed by the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel, Scots Guards, who rode in attendance upon her Majesty. The ritual of Trooping the Colour does not change from year to year, but if it was less impressive on this occasion by reason of the smaller parade (so many Guardsmen being overseas), it was made a more popular occasion than ever by the vast concourse of people who thronged into the heart of London to witness the pageantry. They crowded the Mall long after the ceremony.

On left—

LEADING THE PARADE BACK TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE : The Queen at the head of her Guards during the long procession down the Mall after the ceremonial of Trooping the Colour.

Below—

THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY AFTER THE CEREMONIAL PARADE : The Queen acknowledging the cheers of the crowds which gathered round the Victoria Memorial. Prince Richard of Gloucester is seen standing in front of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duchess of Gloucester is in the background beside Princess Margaret.

LONDON'S DAY OF PAGEANTRY

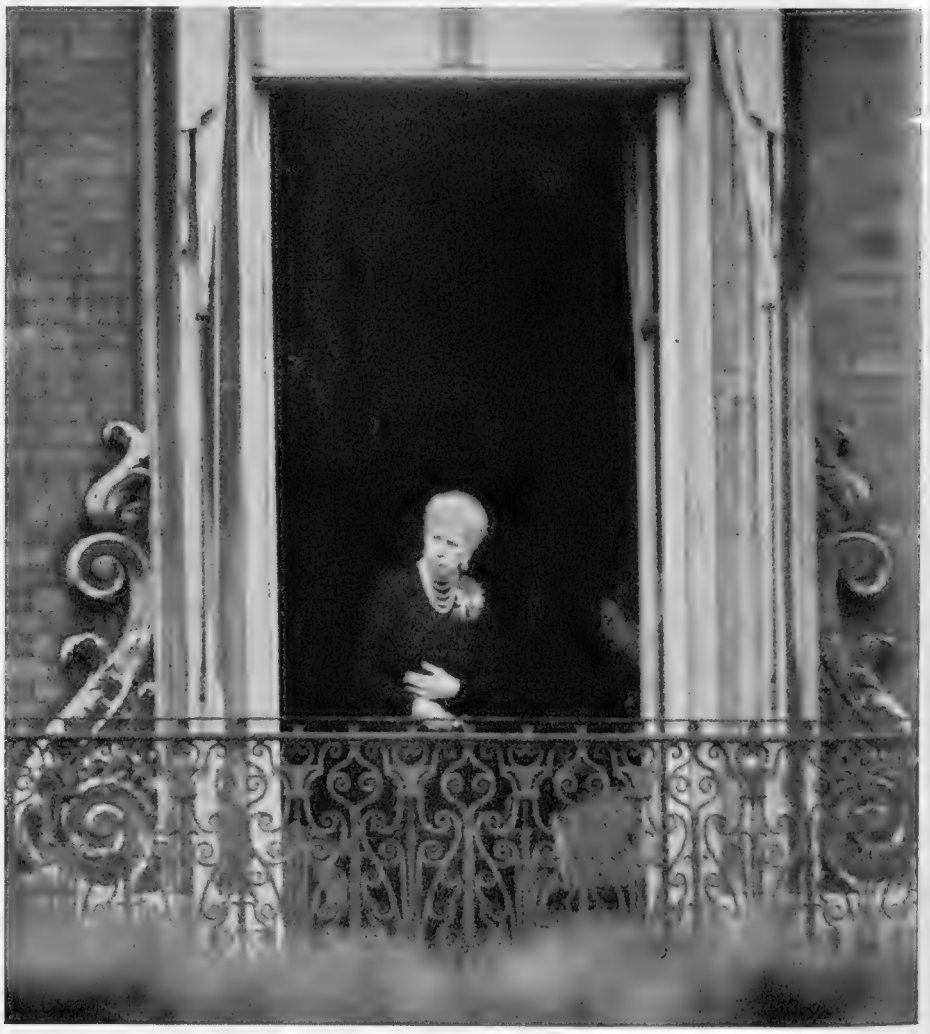
VIGNETTES IN THE MALL AND ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE DURING THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY PARADE

FROM ADMIRALTY ARCH TO THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL THE MALL WAS A SEA OF FACES : This was the great throng which surged forward to the Palace after the Trooping ceremony, or else dispersed towards Trafalgar Square. Londoners and visitors to London made it a holiday occasion, and the weather duly played its part. From an early hour much traffic in the vicinity of the Mall underwent diversion, causing chaos in Piccadilly and other main thoroughfares in London.

THE GREAT FLY-PAST, THE CLIMAX OF THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS : Eighteen Shackleton aircraft of R.A.F. Coastal Command about to fly over the Palace, round which great crowds had gathered to acclaim the Queen on the occasion of her official birthday. Members of the Royal Family stood on the Palace balcony to watch the fly-past, which was well-timed and co-ordinated. The planes flew due westwards over Fleet Street, the Strand, the Admiralty Arch and the Mall.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE : Mr. Churchill seated next to Mrs. Menzies and Mr. Menzies (right), Prime Minister of Australia, in the grand stand at the Queen's Birthday Parade. On the day previously Mr. Menzies had been made a Freeman of the City of London.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVE TO THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE : En route from the Palace they received a great ovation. They watched the Birthday Parade from a balcony on the Horse Guards.



QUEEN MARY CAME TO THE WINDOW TO WATCH HER GRAND-DAUGHTER RIDE BY : As the Queen rode down the Mall from the Horse Guards Parade on her return to the Palace she saluted Queen Mary, who was standing at the window of Marlborough House.

FROM THE BALCONY ABOVE FRIARY COURT, ST. JAMES'S PALACE, THE CORONATION PROCLAMATION IS MADE KNOWN: Garter King-of-Arms (Sir George Bellew), who is seen third from left, holding the scroll from which he had just read the proclamation by the Queen declaring "her Majesty's Pleasure touching her Royal Coronation and the Solemnity thereof." The Proclamation was read in London last Saturday from four points, the others being Charing Cross, Chancery Lane and the Royal Exchange. Standing beside the Garter King-of-Arms is the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal of England, who will be responsible for the Coronation arrangements. The Coronation Proclamation, which has since been read in cities, boroughs and counties throughout the land, appoints June 2 of next year as the date of the Coronation. It signifies the appointment and authorisation of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Gloucester, the Archbishop of Canterbury and a long list "of trusty and well-beloved counsellors" who will form the Court of Claims to determine any claims to perform special services at the Coronation. Mr. Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, is the only member of the present Committee who also served on that for the Coronation of King George V.

THE GARTER KING-OF-ARMS READS THE CORONATION PROCLAMATION, A DOCUMENT OF 1500 WORDS: Sir George Bellew reading from the scroll as he stood on the balcony above Friary Court, St. James's.

THE CORONATION PROCLAIMED

HER MAJESTY'S OFFICERS-OF-ARMS MAKE KNOWN THE QUEEN'S WISHES

WHO COMES HERE?—HER MAJESTY'S OFFICERS-OF-ARMS WHO DEMAND ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY OF LONDON IN ORDER TO PROCLAIM THE CORONATION OF HER ROYAL MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE SECOND: The traditional ceremony performed at Temple Bar. Rouge Dragon is seen as he approached the Lord Mayor on foot to seek admission for the Officers-of-Arms.

CLARENCEUX KING-OF-ARMS, SIR ARTHUR COCHRANE, READING THE CORONATION PROCLAMATION FROM THE STEPS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF LONDON: Sir Arthur, flanked by his fellow Officers-of-Arms, and in the presence of the City Fathers, making known the Queen's wishes regarding the Coronation. Prior to this ceremony the Officers-of-Arms had passed in procession from the City boundary at Temple Bar, along Ludgate Hill and Cheapside, to the Royal Exchange.

EISENHOWER CAMPAIGNS IN ABILENE

And Visits Washington and New York in His Fight for Nomination

Supporters of Bob Taft (Mr. Republican) had been saying for months past, "Just wait until Eisenhower gets out of uniform and then we shall see exactly how he stands politically," the indication being that the General is bankrupt of ideas and lacking in political experience.

Last week General Eisenhower did get out of uniform, and he chose his home town, Abilene, Kansas, as the place where he would make his first political pronouncement and hold his first nationwide political Press Conference. The enthusiasm evoked by the occasion was immense, and Eisenhower, facing Abilene citizens and 12,000,000 televiewers throughout the length and breadth of the country, survived the ordeal well. His personal success was beyond question; but there were some political doubts, for his early utterances were far from progressive in character.

After Abilene and its triumphs, General Eisenhower and his wife turned back towards the eastern States, planning to make contact with supporters in New York and Pennsylvania before embarking on a nation-wide tour. With only a few weeks to go before the Chicago Convention, the General has to work fast if he is to wrest the Republican nomination from the grasp of the politically astute Bob Taft, favourite of the old guard Republican.

THE EISENHOWERS RETURN TO NEW YORK FROM ABILENE, KANSAS: The General and his wife with Governor Dewey of New York as they drove from La Guardia Airport at the start of their campaign in the Eastern States. Dewey, twice defeated for the Presidency, is one of General Eisenhower's most influential backers.

EISENHOWER POSES IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES AFTER BIDDING FAREWELL TO MILITARY LIFE: Senator James Duff, of Pennsylvania, Senator Cabot Lodge, leader of the Eisenhower campaign, General Eisenhower and Mr. Paul Hoffman, former E.C.A. Director, seen together in Washington before the General left for Abilene to start his campaign. Senator James Duff is one of the key figures in the Presidential fight.

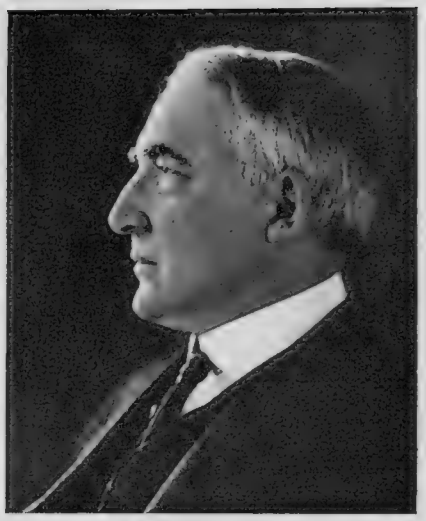
PARADING FOR EISENHOWER IN HIS HOME TOWN OF ABILENE, KANSAS: The General waving from the balcony during the parade through the beflagged prairie town which turned out in great force to honour its favourite son.

JOYOUS HOME-COMING: *Left*—Crowds thronging the station at Abilene, Kansas, as General Eisenhower's train pulled in. The General was almost mobbed by enthusiastic supporters as he stepped from the coach. *Right*—The General and Mrs. Eisenhower acknowledging the greetings from their hotel balcony. An estimated audience of 12,000,000 televiewers saw this home-coming of Eisenhower, and even if he made no vital political pronouncements, he made a very strong personal appeal.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1901-1909), TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE FIRST TO BE INAUGURATED IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: He was a man of unprecedented vitality. At forty-three, younger than any predecessor or successor, he became Head of State following the assassination of President McKinley.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT (1909-1913): America's twenty-seventh President was a large, happy, genial man, a lawyer of proven administrative ability, but in no way a personality of the stature of Roosevelt, his predecessor. He was the son of Alphonse Taft, Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet. Bob Taft is his son.

WOODROW WILSON (1913-1921): The twenty-eighth President was a Democrat, the son of a stern Presbyterian. Wilson graduated to politics through teaching, and on being made Governor of New Jersey showed that he was a man of action. His fight for the League of Nations was the crowning achievement of his life.



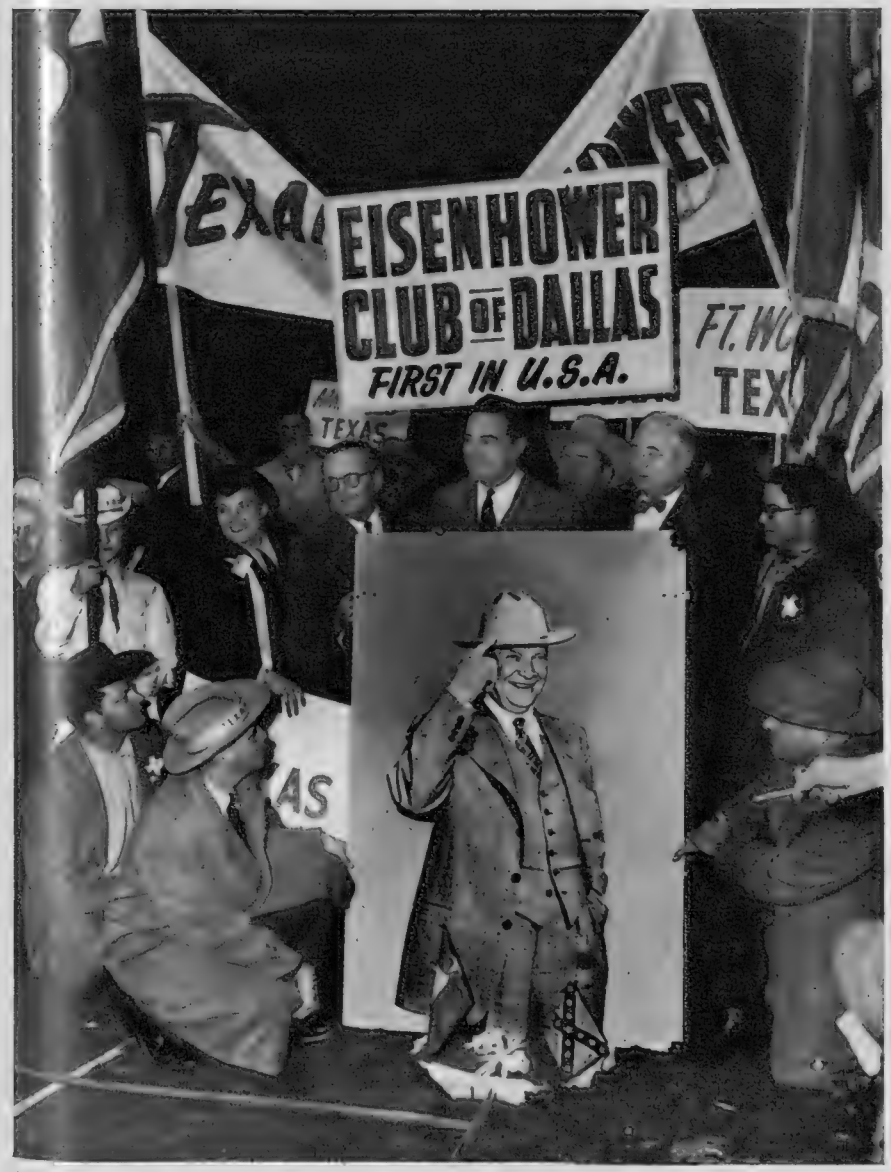
WARREN HARDING (1921-1923): When in 1920 the Republicans nominated Harding as Presidential candidate, it was due to the hope of Senators that he would be amenable to the Senate. He was elected to office on the crest of the anti-Wilson wave which swept the country. Widespread political corruption marked the Harding regime.

THE BATTLE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

America in Election Year, from the Bewildering Primaries to the November Day When the Chief Executive is Chosen

By D. W. BROGAN

In America, Republicans and Democrats are agreed upon one thing, that the battle for the Presidency of the United States is the most open for many years. On the one hand, the Republicans have two highly-favoured candidates, both with about the same number of pledged votes; the one, Senator Taft, a politician whose views are known from coast to coast, and the other, General Eisenhower, who until six months ago was an unknown quantity politically. No one knew, in fact, if he was a Republican or a Democrat. This battle for the nomination between the popular newcomer and the man who has the support of the Party machine may ultimately produce a deadlock in the Republican ranks, and who would win the nomination in that event is anybody's guess. It might even be MacArthur, the pro-consul whom Truman rejected. Meanwhile the Democrats, no less divided than their opponents, are seeking a successor to Harry Truman, who has refused the offer of the nomination. Many Democrats regard Averell Harriman as too rich, Senator Russell as too Conservative and Senator Kefauver as too inexperienced, and they yearn for Governor Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois, the one man who might unite all elements, but who for the past few months has resisted the draft. To-day this tangled situation in American politics is rapidly approaching a climax, for both the Republican and Democratic conventions are due to take place in Chicago in July. After that the two candidates will be out in the open. In this special article, Professor Brogan discusses some of the intricacies of American electioneering, showing how the machinery of choosing candidates goes into action in this year of destiny, and how, once nominated, the candidates set about their exhausting but apparently vitally necessary nationwide campaigns.



BUILD-UP FOR EISENHOWER—ELECTIONEERING METHODS IN MODERN AMERICA: In this picture Senator Cabot Lodge (centre behind portrait), who leads the Eisenhower campaign for the Presidency, is seen with Texan supporters of the General before a political rally in Madison Square Garden, New York. If Eisenhower is elected he will owe much to Lodge's exuberant sponsoring throughout the United States.

I SUPPOSE the most common question put to an alleged expert on American politics by the curious Briton is "What is the difference between a Republican and a Democrat?" And the best answer is, at first, merely baffling. "Democrats live in Manhattan and Alabama; Republicans live in Vermont and Westchester County." But this is, in fact, the best answer, for it underlines the fact that, over great areas of the United States there is, for all practical purposes, only one party, and it dominates for reasons that go back at least to the Civil War and in some areas far further back than that. And, from this historical fact, spring all sorts of contemporary necessities.

Take the first of these, the bewildering system of primaries. A "primary" (more strictly a "direct primary") is an election run by the State in which candidates are chosen for local offices and, in some States, though not in all, delegates are chosen for the National Convention that nominates the Presidential candidate. It follows from this system that in most States there are two important elections, and since primaries begin in March and the final election is in November, the election season is far longer than it is here. So, too, is election fever, and the legal rulers, "We the People of the United States," are busy electing to all kinds of offices for months every fourth year. (There are mid-term elections of all of the House of Representatives and a third of the Senate every two years, but since there is no Presidential election to focus attention and excite loyalty and detestation, they evoke much less interest.) The primary is thus one of the causes of the excessive length of the campaign and it is also a necessity. For in the old days, when candidates were nominated in State conventions (as they are still in a few Conservative States) the choice was, in effect, left to "the boys in the back room." A State where there

(*Continued on following page*)

CALVIN COOLIDGE (1923-1929): Silence rather than eloquence brought this lawyer into office. His policy was characterised by thrift in all things, including public speech. In local politics in New England he made a great name for himself as a man of integrity and much common sense.

HERBERT HOOVER (1929-1933): The only surviving President of the United States and the last Republican to hold the Presidential office. Hoover saw the greatest catastrophe in twentieth-century America, the financial crash in the autumn of 1929.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT (1933-1945): Will power, irrepressible energy and optimism brought him to the front in politics, and despite the terrible handicap resulting from infantile paralysis, he won the Presidency in 1933 and was elected, in all, four times, eventually dying in office.

b

LOYAL DEMOCRATS PARADE FOR TRUMAN—PORTRAITS AND PLACARDS ON THE FLOOR OF THE CONVENTION HALL AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1948, WHEN DELEGATIONS FROM MANY STATES SHOWED THEIR SUPPORT FOR THE PRESIDENT, WHO WAS NOW SEEKING ELECTION TO THE OFFICE WHICH HE HAD ALREADY FILLED FOR THREE YEARS SINCE THE DEATH OF ROOSEVELT: The Convention lacked colour, because it was felt that Truman had scant hope of election, but that there was no other man to take his place. How Truman won trade union support and stumped the country to record his victory over Dewey now belongs to history. Even some of his closest associates did not believe a Truman victory possible.

GOVERNOR ADLAI STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS, WHO SOME WEEKS AGO REFUSED TO ALLOW HIS NAME TO GO FORWARD AT THE PRIMARIES, AND INDICATED THAT HE WOULD PREFER ANOTHER TERM AS GOVERNOR OF HIS STATE: Stevenson, who has won fame as a corruption hunter, is regarded as the one man who could probably unite all elements in the Democratic Party. Even at this stage it is thought he might accept the draft.

THE BATTLE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

(*Continued from previous page*)

was only one party was a State in which the voter had no real choice or control at all. The direct primary gives him choice, and in the absolutely safe States, Alabama or Vermont, the only election that counts is the primary. There is another justification for the primary. This is the "locality rule." The locality rule is not strictly legal. The Federal Constitution provides, indeed, that Senators and Representatives must be residents of the States which they wish to represent. But the locality rule refines on this; a Representative must be a resident of the *district* that he wants to represent. This, though mere custom, has the force of law. Were it not for the primary, the voter would not only be forced to accept whatever the bosses provided, but a revolt would be difficult. The aspirant cannot, unlike in England or Canada, prove his merit by running and being elected elsewhere. The primary at least gives him a chance.

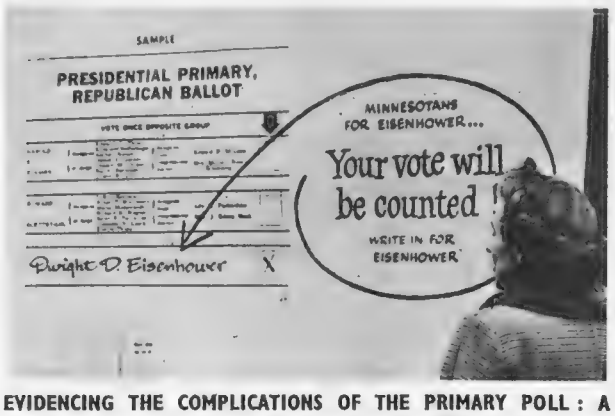
The locality rule has another consequence. It cuts off from a Congressional career a member of a minority party. Thus F. D. Roosevelt could never have entered the House of Representatives because his ancestral home was in a safe Republican district. Even the Senate may be barred to a really able candidate by the rule. And that is one reason why the choice of a Presidential candidate cannot be left to the front benches or the national organisation. The strongest candidates may not be in Congress; they are, in fact, usually State governors, and the choice must be left to the National Convention. An American political convention is not like any other political assembly. As far as it resembles anything, it resembles the French Parliament. There is the same unpredictability, the same manœuvring, the same open play of ambition, the same changing of alliances. But the Convention meets only every four years; very seldom for more than five days or so, and it is, formally, the assembly of a united party, bound, if it possibly can, to end on a note of unity, confidence and good humour.

Some of the special characteristics of the Convention arise from the special character of American politics. Because American politics are the politics of a country that is really a continent, they are very hard to unify. Because the United States is a federation of "sovereign" States, political leaders can have great careers entirely in State politics. There is no concentration of talent on the two front benches as in this country. And it should be noted that, whereas in Canada and Australia, a local leader who is called on to become a national leader begins by entering the Federal Parliament, even if he does so as an admitted leader, in the United States he need not do so. In this century, indeed, only one Presidential candidate has been nominated direct from Congress, Harding from the Senate in 1920. (Mr. Truman, of course, was a Senator when nominated for the Vice-Presidency.) This affects the whole organisation of the Convention. Some or all of the leading candidates may be more or less unknown to large areas and to most of the leading Senators and Representatives. Rivals have to be introduced to each other, and there have been cases when the candidates for President and Vice-President had never met till they were put on the national ticket.

This means that unless in the case when a President in office is running, it is very rare for one of the starters to be a certain winner. In 1928 Mr. Hoover was certain to get the Republican nomination. In 1932 it was likely that Governor Roosevelt would get the Democratic nomination; in 1944 and 1948 it was likely that Governor Dewey would get the Republican nomination. But it was not certain, and so the conventions had all the excitement of the anxious moments before the big race is on. There is, too, the atmosphere of a race meeting where a certain amount of in-and-out running is expected. For the "favourite sons," the candidates put up by their own States not as serious possibilities, but for bargaining chances, have delegates to release (to sell would be too crude a word). Conditions are made, and what was possibly the most important of all nominations, that of Lincoln in 1860, was brought about by offering jobs to some of the leading contenders. This was done without Lincoln's knowledge, but he had to keep the word given by his lieutenants, and was saddled, at the beginning of the Civil War, with Simon Cameron, corrupt and incompetent as head of the War Department! This is the most notorious of these bargains, but not the only one, and it is too early to say that none will be made this year.

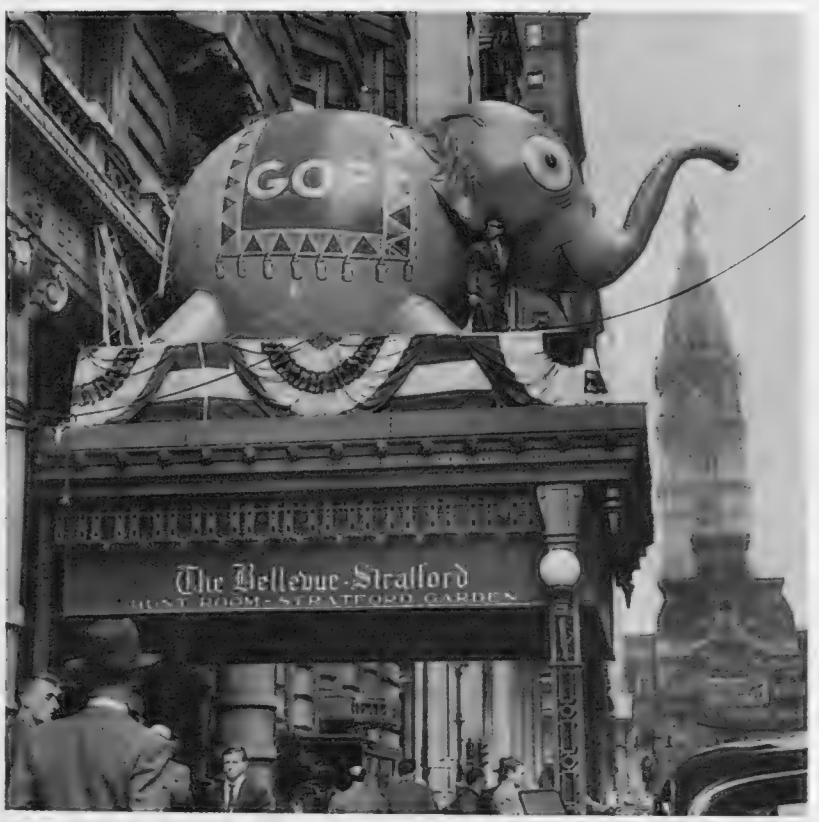
But there are more than candidates, there are delegates, over 1,000 of them, mostly obscure local politicians, directed by local chiefs. But they have to be won over to the candidate finally nominated, so there

BOB TAFT, THE STANDARD-BEARER OF THE REPUBLICAN OLD GUARD: The Republican leader seen against a background of his own portraits during a visit last month to the National Headquarters of the "Citizens for Taft" organisation in New York City. Last week before the South Dakota Primary, which Taft won so narrowly, Taft had 420 delegates pledged to his support compared with 387 for Eisenhower. Each required 604 delegates in order to secure nomination. It was felt that neither Taft nor Eisenhower would obtain sufficient delegates to go to Chicago sure in the knowledge of being nominated on the first ballot.



EVIDENCING THE COMPLICATIONS OF THE PRIMARY POLL: A voter examining a poster outside the Eisenhower headquarters in Minnesota, showing how supporters of the General were at liberty to write in his name on the ballot paper and mark X against it. The two official candidates in this Primary were Stassen and Slettedahl, the latter a supporter of General Douglas MacArthur.

TWO PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBLES WHO COULD BE SELECTED AT THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN CHICAGO IF TAFT AND EISENHOWER BECOME HOPELESSLY DEADLOCKED: *Left*—General Douglas MacArthur, who has won little favour in the Primaries as a Presidential candidate, but would probably be brought into Taft's Cabinet if the Senator should win nomination and be elected to the Presidency. *Right*—Harold Stassen, the Republican from Minnesota, who lags far behind the chief contestants at the time of writing. It might well be, however, that either of these men might gain favour at the Convention if the Eisenhower and Taft forces do not give in to each other. Stassen is a Left Wing Republican, looked on without favour by the Party. MacArthur is a Right Wing Republican.



THE ELEPHANT RULES THE ROOST: The symbol of the Republican Party above the entrance to the Bellevue Stratford Hotel during the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia in 1948, when Thomas Dewey was nominated.

SOME LIKED "IKE" AND SOME WANTED TAFT: Banners being displayed at a recent Republican rally in Georgetown University Stadium, Washington, D.C., when more than 7,000 people attended a fried chicken supper at the start of the Lincoln Day birthday observances held throughout America last month. Jefferson remains the great hero of the Democrats and Lincoln the hero of the Republicans, and no election campaign in the United States passes without reference to what these giants of old once said upon the hustings.

TRUMAN SETS OUT FOR WASHINGTON AFTER HIS PRESIDENTIAL VICTORY BEARING AN EARLY MORNING EDITION OF THE "CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE" ANNOUNCING "DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN": The newspaper had made this wrong guess as a result of sweeping early returns in Illinois, but early returns in city precincts were reversed in other areas, and Illinois returned a Democratic Governor (Adlai Stevenson) and gave Truman a handsome majority.

a great deal of buttonholing and a great deal of parading and orating. Or there used to be. The number of minutes spent by delegates in marching through the convention hall shouting the name of a candidate, the decibels of sound registered in these demonstrations were carefully computed, and, artificial as the show was, it did give some indication of the zeal or organizational support behind the candidate.

But two inventions of modern science have begun to change this ritual. Radio began the change, for the orators were now less concerned to win the delegates or the audience in the galleries than impress the millions of listeners. What radio began, television is completing: 1948 was the first television campaign, and its effects were very obvious, even in the short interval between the Republican and Democratic Conventions. Speeches and demonstrations had to be shorter, less childish, better timed. For what was seen on the television screens might prove decisive when it came to voting. And in 1952 television coverage, which was confined to the North Atlantic coast in 1948, will be nation-wide. Discipline will be still stricter, and the whole show will be less like an amateur pageant and more like a stage show in a great music hall. Once the nomination is made, the candidate becomes officially head of his party and has the right to nominate the head of the party machine, the Chairman of the National Committee. He also has the chance to show himself to the party. Until 1932, the nominee waited coyly till the middle of August, when the news was solemnly broken to him that he had been chosen round the end of June. But F. D. Roosevelt, in his first campaign, swept all this nonsense away, flew to Chicago, and made a rousing speech to the delegates. Since then the candidate is expected to accept and announce his line of attack at once. But the campaign gets off to a slow start. There has been the exhausting campaign for delegates. There are wounds to *amour propre* to be soothed, powerful interests, great local and trade union leaders to be won over. And the chairman has to collect the money to introduce the candidate to the country.

This is a highly necessary job. Of course, it is not so necessary when the candidate is the President in office. But this year, for the first time since 1928, neither candidate will be the President, which means that both will have to be "sold" to the country. That takes time and money. Of course, one of the candidates, in his search for delegates, may have toured a great part of the union, as did Mr. Taft this year. But since no candidate runs in the primaries of all the States that have primaries, and since less than half of the States have Presidential primaries, there is always an area to be visited and cultivated. A "dark horse," like Wendell Willkie in 1940, may be unknown in nearly every State.

The coming of air transport has simplified the campaign. A candidate can go from New York to San Francisco overnight, and if it were a matter of a few leading speeches in a few leading cities, the campaign would not be as exhausting, lengthy or expensive as it is. But it is not a matter of a few leading speeches. To reiterate, America is very large and very divided.

It is not only that there are no centres of public opinion, but that the electoral system favours the dissipation of electoral energy. Strictly speaking, the American voter does not vote for a Presidential candidate, he votes for Presidential electors. Each State has the same number of electors as it has Representatives and Senators in Congress. Representatives are allocated in rough proportion to population, but each State has two Senators. Nevada, with 100,000 population, has two; so has New York, with 14,000,000. So the small and rural States are over-represented. More than that, in modern times the State election laws provide for a "winner takes all" system. If you carry New York by a narrow margin, you get all its votes, which may wipe out much bigger majorities in other States. (In 1884 Grover Cleveland carried New York and won the Presidency by a local majority of 1,400.) No place is too small to neglect. Its votes may be decisive. Of course, no candidate can visit all small towns, but he tries to visit as many as he can, and that ambition produces that extraordinary institution, the campaign train. This is a special train hired from the railway companies, although if a President in office is a candidate, he attaches his own official bullet-proof private car, the *Ferdinand Magellan*, to the rest of the train. The rest of the train contains cars that hold offices, sleeping quarters for the staff, less good sleeping quarters for the swarms of reporters for Press and radio who throng the train, hoping for some lucky break that may give them something to write about other than the official hand-outs of the big speeches. It is not, in fact, the big speeches that count. Or, rather, it is not to make the big speeches that the great expenditure of time, money and energy on the campaign trains from mid-September to November is incurred. It is to make the five-minute "whistle-stop" speeches at the small towns.

Nor is it only a matter of speeches. For at every stop, politicians crowd aboard to give news, to receive instructions and to be persuaded that the national candidate understands the importance of carrying Mule-track for the Hon. Samuel Snake, candidate for sheriff. A candidate can work wonders inspiring zeal (or spreading apathy), giving confidence or breeding despair.

Of course, the whole interest of the election is not concentrated on the Presidential candidate. It used to be believed that a successful Presidential candidate pulled all other candidates on the same ticket up with him. This is not quite certain for, in 1948, for instance, in crucial States like Illinois, the Democratic candidates for the Senate and the Governorship ran far ahead of Mr. Truman, who carried the State all the same. But there can be no doubt that a weak Presidential candidate hurts the rest of the ticket, which accounts for the acrimony with which the nomination is fought over and the post-mortems of the defeated are conducted. The election day comes; votes are counted and, before noon the next day, the result is known. It is rash to be sure before it *is* known, as I can remember well, I who saw Mr. Truman ride up to the White House waving a *Chicago Daily Tribune* with the headline "Dewey Defeats Truman."

UNWILLING TO POSE FOR THE PRESS : A woman prisoner of war on Koje hurrying to her hut with her infant son. In the women's compound there have been no reports of violence such as those in the men's compounds. In all there are seventeen enclosures on Koje Island, and behind the barbed wire are 80,000 prisoners.

CHILDREN AT PLAY WITHIN THE WOMEN'S COMPOUND ON KOJE ISLAND : The sons of women prisoners in the encampment playing near the perimeter wire. They seem to be well fed and quite contented in their restricted environment. About 430 women soldiers, nurses and camp followers captured in the Korean fighting are included in the group of prisoners of war on Koje who have declared in favour of returning to North Korea when hostilities come to an end.

THE STOCKADES OF KOJE

Life Among the Chinese and North Korean Prisoners of War on the Seething Island

Brigadier-General Haydon Boatner, known to his colleagues as "The Bull," has lost no time in setting about obtaining uncontested control of the Red-controlled stockades of Koje, that seething island off the south-east coast of Korea, where, clustered in the steep valleys between the hills are seventeen barbed-wire enclosures containing 80,000 prisoners captured by the United Nations during the Korean War. Boatner has been spurred on in his exacting task by visits to the island by General Mark Clark, United Nations Supreme Commander, and General Van Fleet, the Eighth Army Commander. American tanks, American troops and British troops have played their part in this cleaning-up process, which has involved in the first place the quelling of demonstrations within the stockades, and the removal of posters, flags, dummy rifles, picks, shovels and documents. The next task, already under way, is to create new compounds for 500 prisoners, replacing the compounds which at present hold up to 4,500 men. This task was carried a big step forward on June 4, when American infantrymen, wearing gasmasks and backed by tanks, marched into one compound holding 3,340 Communist civilian prisoners, threw up a double wire fence, and thus cut the enclosure in half. There was no resistance to this operation, and an hour after the troops entered Brigadier-General Boatner followed them. This was the first time a camp commander had entered the stockades since the capture by the Communists of Brigadier-General Dodd.

Since the capture of Dodd first focused world attention on Koje, the facts of this chaotic situation have come to light steadily. The real trouble apparently began last September, when Communist and anti-Communist prisoners waged a bloody thirty-day battle for control. Kangaroo courts in many of the compounds tried, sentenced and executed opponents of the controlling faction, leaving bodies neatly laid out for the guards to remove.

Under such conditions no fair or complete ballot on prisoner repatriation was possible, and so it came about that Washington was beguiled into over-estimating the exactitude of the returns from Koje and other camps relating to the screening process within the compounds. When the Communist negotiators at Panmunjon heard the figure of 70,000 prisoners of war willing to go north under repatriation, they had no hesitation in rejecting it, for they knew everything that was going on at Koje and in other camps, as Washington did not, realising that prisoner to prisoner intimidation lay behind nearly all the returns.

The subsequent Red propaganda was upon a world-wide scale, and as the days wore on it became more and more apparent that there was complete collusion between Koje and Panmunjon.

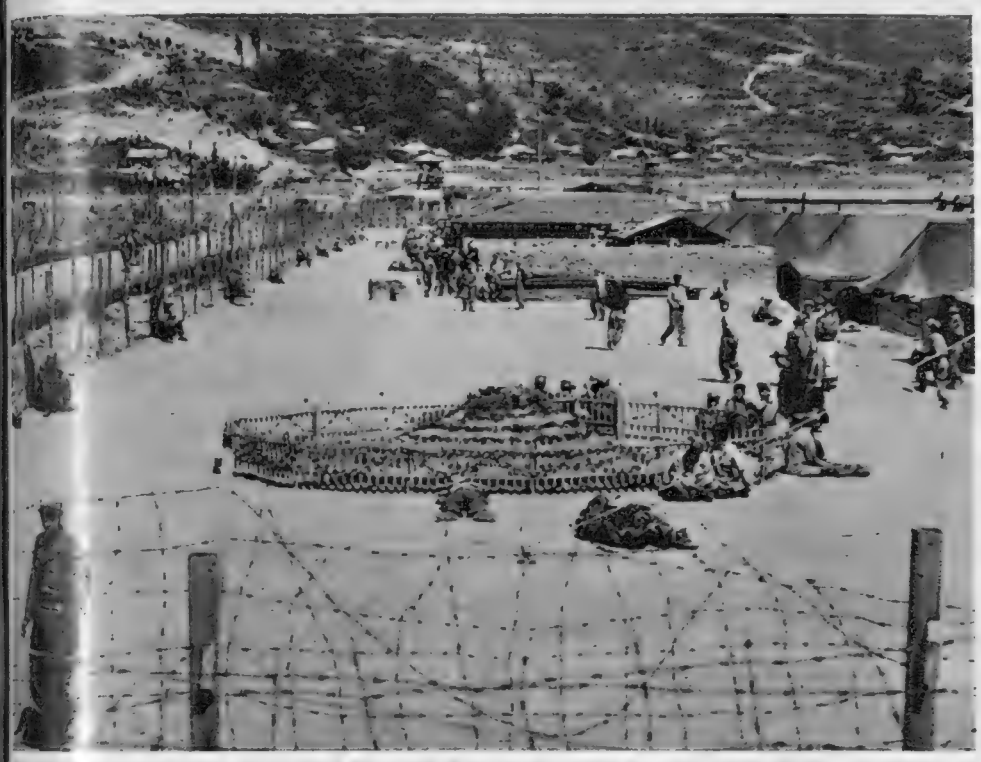
The effects of that propaganda are still being felt, and cannot now be counteracted unless a new measure of discipline is brought into being within the seething stockades.

COMMUNIST DEFIANCE WITHIN THE KOJE STOCKADES : Prisoners of war in one of the compounds holding up portraits of Stalin and Mao Tse Tsung in deliberate defiance of the orders of Brigadier-General Haydon Boatner, the newly-appointed commander of the prisoner-of-war camp. In Compound 96 last week tanks and infantry went into action, the United Nations troops forcibly removing flags and banners which the prisoners had paraded along the compound perimeter.

P.T. IN COMPOUND 603 : Prisoners parading at platoon strength after being ordered not to appear in larger groups within the stockades. This compound responded swiftly to the orders of Brigadier-General Boatner, the new camp commander, but in others tanks, flame-throwers and infantry had to be employed in order to secure a return to discipline.

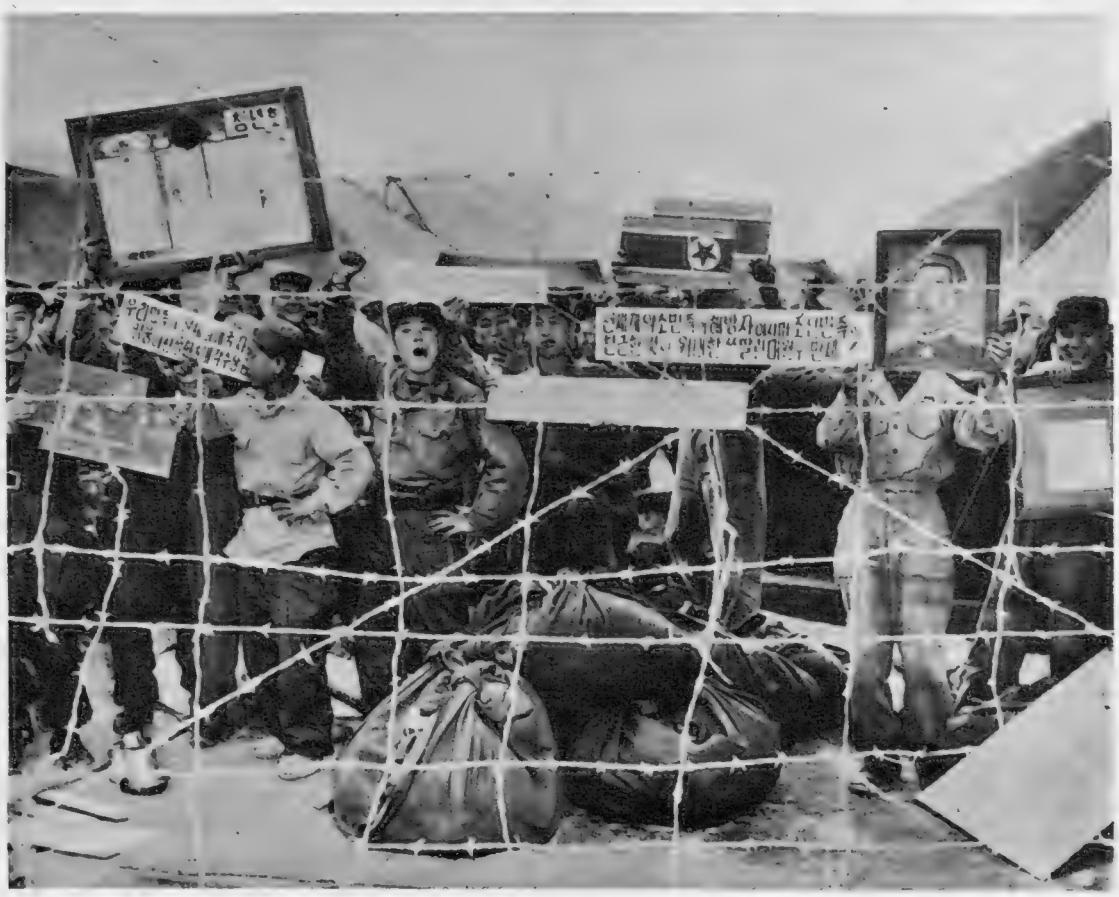
GENERAL JAMES VAN FLEET SEES FOR HIMSELF : The Eighth Army Commander standing up in a jeep as he was driven by Brigadier-General Haydon Boatner round the Koje compounds. Boatner is seen pointing out some feature of the new security measures. Also in the jeep (but not identified) was Brigadier-General Paul F. Yount, immediate superior of Brigadier-General (now Colonel) Colson. Yount has received a formal "administrative reprimand" for his part in the Dodd-Colson débâcle.

BROUGHT FROM COMPOUND 76 TO SEE BRIGADIER-GENERAL BOATNER : Three prisoners of war with whom the new commander conferred. The prisoner wearing a cap is Colonel Lee Hak Koo, North Korean Army.



FELLOW PRISONERS HONOUR A VICTIM OF THE KOJE RIOTS : This flower-decorated mound covers the grave of one of the men killed in a clash with American guards. A service was held for the dead man and attended by all the members of the camp. The memorial is intended to commemorate the 102 Reds who have been killed by U.N. guards on Koje Island since last September. These deaths have been widely mentioned in recent Communist propaganda.

BUTT VERSUS BAYONET : Two prisoners engaged in close-in fighting with dummy rifles on the edge of one of the compounds. This kind of exhibition on the camp perimeter is intended to impress the United Nations guards with the high morale of the prisoners of war.



DEMONSTRATIONS ALONG THE WIRE WHICH HAD TO BE BROUGHT TO AN END BY FORCEFUL ACTION LAST WEEK, WHEN U.N. TANKS AND INFANTRY ENTERED THE KOJE COMPOUNDS : *Left*—Chinese, North Korean and Russian flags are waved along the perimeter, despite the ban on all such demonstrations. *Right*—Pictures and placards similarly brandished by prisoners who have paraded with their kit packed, presumably when under orders to move to one of the new, smaller and more manageable compounds.

DAYS OF CEREMONIAL IN SPAIN

Pilgrims of the Roman Catholic Church Gather at Barcelona for the Thirty-fifth Eucharistic Congress

CARDINALS FROM EUROPE AND SOUTH AMERICA ATTEND THE INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST POST-WAR EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS : The three Cardinal Archbishops seen kneeling in prayer at Barcelona's Cathedral are Giacomo Cardinal de Barros Camara of Rio de Janeiro (left), Josef Cardinal Frings of Cologne and Bernard Cardinal Griffin of Westminster.

On the evening of Whit-Sunday Frederico Cardinal Tedeschini, the Papal Legate, closed the thirty-fifth International Eucharistic Congress at Barcelona by blessing the assembled pilgrims from a special altar erected in the Square of Pius XII. Five days earlier the Cardinal had been present in the Cathedral for the inaugural service when, together with fifteen cardinals and 300 bishops and several Spanish Cabinet Ministers, he had listened to the reading of a Papal Bull in which the Pope explained why he had chosen "The Eucharist and Peace" as the theme of the Congress. The Congress was the first of its kind for fourteen years, and the second to be held in Spain since the inception of the series at Lille in 1881. Throughout the five days thousands of sightseers and pilgrims turned out to watch the processions through the beflagged streets and to attend open-air services at vantage points in the city. On the final day General Franco attended the High Mass celebrated in the presence of the Papal Legate and delivered a message to the pilgrims, in which he said: "By loving God, Spaniards love Peace, and they unite their prayers for peace to those of the Holy Father and of Catholics everywhere at this time." He also said: "We are not a bellicose people, but if the hour of need should come, Spain, without any doubt, would once again be in the vanguard of those in the service of God."

THE SCENE OF THE CELEBRATION OF HIGH MASS AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE CONGRESS : After Cardinal Tedeschini, the Papal Legate, had officiated at the Pontifical Mass at the special altar erected in the Square of Pius XII, General Franco delivered a message to the great crowd of pilgrims. In the evening 100,000 pilgrims went in procession to the Square and knelt to receive the blessing of the Cardinal and to listen to a relayed address broadcast by the Pope.

THE ORDINATION IN MONTJUICH STADIUM OF 813 PRIESTS : Some of the candidates prostrate themselves in front of the twenty-one altars on the eve of Pentecost during the service conducted by four archbishops and seventeen bishops. The congregation was estimated at 80,000.

THE CHILDREN OF BARCELONA ATTEND A SPECIAL SERVICE AT THE "SAGRADA FAMILIA" : The still unfinished Church of the Holy Family, which has often been called the most bizarre religious edifice in Europe, is one of the curiosities of Barcelona and is in amazing contrast to the old Cathedral, a noble creation in the Gothic style. This church is said to represent the Catalan Separatist spirit in that it completely differs from the traditional architecture of the Peninsula.

BRITISH MILITARY POLICE AND WEST BERLIN POLICEMEN PATROL THE BARBED-WIRE BARRICADE SEALING OFF THE COMMUNIST RADIO STATION IN THE BRITISH SECTOR: The notice is a warning to Germans that this building has nothing to do with the West German or the American-controlled radio systems. British action in isolating the station last week was taken, as an official statement said, "in the interest of the population," but West Berliners looked upon it as a justified reprisal against the recent Russian blockade of Allied patrol vehicles and the enclosing of West Berlin behind barricades.

THE BRITISH LAY "SIEGE"

Blockading a Communist Radio Station in Berlin as a Counter-action against Russian Obstructionism

At the end of last month the Allied High Commissioners in Germany found it necessary to protest to the Russians against interference with Allied patrols on the Berlin Autobahn and against obstruction inflicted on Germans on the borders of Berlin and West Germany. They pointed out also that measures being taken to isolate Eastern Germany could not be reconciled with the professed Russian aim of the reunification of the country. But their protests were without effect. Over Whitsun the Russians were busily reinforcing the barbed-wire and fortified border enclosing West Berlin, and once more the sad picture of civilian refugees hastening from the trouble spots with their pitiful bundles was seen in Europe. On June 3 the first positive allied counter-action took place when British forces threw a barbed-wire barricade around the big Communist broadcasting station in the British Sector, prevented people from entering the building and invited the occupants to leave. Immediately afterwards, and at his own request, Mr. Dengin, the Russian representative in Berlin, had an interview with the British Commandant. "Some progress was made," was all that the ensuing British communiqué revealed. The radio station has been a thorn in the British flesh for a long time. Well within the border of the British Sector, it has been controlled by the Russians since the occupation began. West Berliners were delighted with the action taken against it, for the building was an ideal base for the kidnappers who have undoubtedly spirited across to the Eastern Sector many Berliners in whom they had a sinister interest. Alleged kidnappers have been tried in West Berlin courts, but acquitted for lack of evidence.

CROMWELL TANKS ON PATROL OUTSIDE THE ISOLATED RUSSIAN BROADCASTING STATION: Although it is inside the British Zone of Berlin the radio station has been in the hands of the Russians since the occupation began and West Berlin politicians have repeatedly asked that this anomaly should end.

BRITISH MILITARY POLICE LOAD THEIR PISTOLS IN PREPARATION FOR MOUNTING GUARD ON THE RADIO STATION: They were ordered to admit no one, but to allow the German staff and Russian guard to leave if they wished.

ALL QUIET INSIDE THE NEW BARRIER: The mile-long barbed-wire perimeter around the broadcasting station cut off one side of the broad Masurenallee, in which the building stands. The normally heavy traffic in this area was diverted.

THE BRITISH COMMANDANT INSPECTS A PATROL OF MILITARY POLICE AT THE RADIO STATION: The Commandant, Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, is seen in front on right, carrying a cane. On his immediate right is Brigadier F. Stephens, Area Commander.

THE DIRECTOR LINES UP A SHOT—EXTERIOR WORK IN PROGRESS DURING THE MAKING OF "PASSPORT TO PIMLICO," A GREAT POST-WAR COMEDY SUCCESS: Lively exterior work is a strong point with Michael Balcon productions. Of recent weeks work has been in progress in a lovely West Country setting at Bath of exterior scenes for *The Titfield Thunderbolt*, another promising comedy.

FILM-MAKING IN BRITAIN

The Tribulations and the Triumphs of an Industry which has Survived Crisis after Crisis and Now Looks Ahead to Better Times

By FORSYTH HARDY

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY JACK MILLER

In a recent commentary on the British Film Industry, Professor Sir Arnold Plant wrote of its achievements, disappointments and betrayals which, he declared, have "to some the Wolseyan quality of Shakespearean tragedy." "To others," he affirmed, "the industry is a Chaplinesque figure of comedy reeling drunkenly from crisis to crisis, elaborately supported in mock solicitude by its constant companion the Government, which is in nothing so competent as in picking its pocket."

Now these are harsh and forthright words, but there is no gainsaying the fact that this young industry has been constantly crisis-ridden, and in the following article Mr. Forsyth Hardy, one of the founders of the Edinburgh Film Festival and a foremost authority on British films, discusses this wide-ranging subject in some detail. Jack Miller, who paid a special visit to Ealing Studios on behalf of THE SPHERE, *contributes a series of line and wash drawings illustrative of modern film-making technique.*

FOR the British film industry crisis has not always been just around the corner: the two have been face to face at fairly regular intervals over the past thirty years. It has seemed that several of the clashes must prove fatal for the industry; but always some relieving force—Government intervention, a run of success at the box-office, the accident of war—has appeared to create the conditions necessary for the survival of film-making in Britain.

Why should film-making in this country be so crisis-ridden? In a complex situation, with creative and commercial elements crazily intermingling, one factor stands clear: the dominating power of the American film industry. The American film-makers have a home market sufficiently large for them to recoup their production costs in their own country and they have sufficient resources to supply virtually the entire needs of that market. No other industry in the free world is in this favourable position.

The American film industry, therefore, tends to dominate the home markets of other countries. Because of the absence of a language barrier and of a high import duty, Britain is the most vulnerable of these markets. Ever since the First World War, that vulnerability has been exploited by the American film companies with sustained skill and resource. The result is that British film-makers have to struggle, not only with the economic factors arising from American domination, but also with a Hollywood-conditioned film taste.

Over the years, the Government has sought to protect and assist the film-makers. The first stage was to force an opening for British films in the cinemas by requiring exhibitors to show an increasing quota. This well-intentioned effort to stimulate greater production and protect the home market failed because of the bad reputation quickly gained by films made merely to satisfy the formal requirements of the law: the "quota quickies" which have done more harm to the prestige of British films than any other single factor.

From time to time the protective legislation has been amended and adjusted, always with the aim of encouraging production and ensuring a minimum showing in this country for British films. But it was not enough to fix an ascending quota: the increasing costs of production and the inadequate return at the box-office meant a diminishing reward—if not an uncomfortable loss—for film-makers. In the late '40's the volume of production in Britain steeply declined, bringing with it an inevitable lowering of the quota.

EALING, THE STUDIO WITH THE TEAM SPIRIT: Painted high on the studio walls, this slogan is no empty form of words at Ealing, where many individual skills are blended to produce films of remarkable character.

In the past few years Government assistance to film-making has taken another, and complementary, form. When, in 1948, the President of the Board of Trade had to announce that, apart from the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, "pretty well the whole of the rest of the industry is now facing a stoppage unless financial provision is made available," the Government was committed to positive action and had to assume the responsibility of itself finding the capital necessary for the continuance of film production.

Thus the National Film Finance Corporation was established, to provide temporary assistance from public funds. It was given a life of five years and an initial capital of £5,000,000, later increased by £1,000,000 in 1950 and £2,000,000 in March 1952. It has been estimated that the producers of four out of every ten feature films made in the past three years have been assisted by the Corporation, which maintains a fairly strict control of costs over every film in which it has a financial interest.

The Corporation has provided the finance essential for the continuance of film-making in Britain. It has not affected, however, the earning capacity of British films in the home market. An ingenious procedure, designed to help British producers, emerged from the 1950 Budget. In return for certain concessions in entertainments tax, exhibitors agreed to contribute the proceeds of a levy on admission prices paid by their patrons into a British Film Production Fund, from which it is distributed direct to the producers of British films in proportion to their earnings from film hire. This Fund (known in the film world as the Eady Fund, after Sir Wilfred Eady, the then Second Secretary to the Treasury) is benefiting producers to the extent of between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 a year.

The National Film Finance Corporation and the Eady Fund are obviously inter-related: if film-producers receive more for their films, their calls for financial support will be limited. So it appeared when the Corporation presented its report for the year ended March 31, 1952. This showed a profit—for the first time—of over £10,000 compared with a deficit of £675,000 for the previous year. The Corporation's share from the profits of five successful films totalled nearly £33,000, and next year, it was stated, "the number and the amount should be considerably larger."

The outlook for British film-making appears, therefore, to be much more hopeful at present than it has been for some time. There is a well-regulated source of finance, and producers are ensured of a larger share of the money we pay at the box-office (both for British and for American films). But no sooner has stability been given to the industry through these financial measures than its prosperity is threatened from other quarters.

Fewer people are going to the cinema. Attendances have fallen from a peak figure for 1946 of 31,400,000

AN ON-THE-SET CONFERENCE BETWEEN DIRECTOR, PRODUCER AND ARTISTES DURING THE EALING PRODUCTION OF "THE GENTLE GUNMAN": At the same time Gilbert Harding and Joseph Tomelty are being lighted by the camera crew, while the continuity girl looks on.

admissions in an average week to 26,000,000 in 1951, and the decline is continuing. How to account for it? Partly it results from a levelling-out of the peak of wartime dependence on the cinema as a means of recreation. As other forms of entertainment have become available again, the pull of the cinema has lessened (although it is still stronger than that of any other single form of amusement). The stereotyped nature of American films, the smaller number of British films, and, more recently, the shortage of money, have also been factors.

It is too soon to draw conclusions about the effect of television on cinema-going. It seems obvious that TV cannot have added to the numbers of film-goers, although the quality of the programmes so far has been such that the popularity of the cinema has been less seriously threatened than it might have been. According to the first report on the subject, prepared by the audience research department of the B.B.C., the impact of TV is not negligible. The age-range where its effects are most noticeable in keeping viewers at home—the 16–24 age range—is precisely that in which cinema-going is at its maximum. Of the total number of television viewers interrogated, over 60 per cent. stated that they were going less to the cinema than before.

How is the film industry reacting to this, as yet, modified competition? In America the first reaction was to offer massive spectacle far beyond what could be presented on the small TV tube. The theory was that entertainment was something measureable in terms of enormous sets and thousands of extras. Out of this theory came such films as *Samson and Delilah*, *David and Bathsheba*, *Quo Vadis?* and *The Greatest Show on Earth*. Although it does not necessarily follow that the colossal and the stupendous are productive of more entertainment than modest effects either in the cinema or on TV, these films in general achieved exceptional success. They are being followed by other similar large-scale films, such as *Ivanhoe* and *Decameron Nights*.

Both in Britain and in America, the less enlightened elements in the industry have adopted an ostrich-like attitude to television. They have maintained that there should be no co-operation between the two media, that any new film televised should be banned from the cinema screen, and that only old discarded movies can be used on TV. It is obvious that such a blinkered attitude could not be sustained, and now there are signs of a more understanding approach.

The natural affinities between the two media cannot be denied. Television needs the practised skill and accumulated experience of the film-makers. It also needs for its programmes a large number of films of all kinds. Equally, the cinema needs revenue from television to help to offset the diminishing returns from the picture-houses. The industry is anxious to use large-screen television to provide programmes in cinemas. Co-operation would bring benefits for both. As one of the organs of the film trade remarked the other day, "a far more liberal view is needed towards an entertainment which cannot be artificially restricted."

I have dealt with some of the major commercial issues affecting film-making in Britain. The creative issues are just as important. Even if everything were perfect in the cinema from the economic point of view, there could still be no films without ideas and imagination, the creator and the craftsman.

The kind of films made in Britain has often been a direct reflection of the economic conditions of the industry. During the seemingly prosperous days of the immediate post-war period, for example, we saw such large-scale, ambitious films as *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, *Hamlet* and *The Red Shoes*. Such films were sometimes successful achievements in themselves, attempting new themes and experimenting with new ideas. Sometimes they were failures from any point of view. They have disappeared almost completely from British studios. *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and *The Tales of Hoffmann* may be the last of their kind.

A SET IS MOVED INTO POSITION IN THE STUDIOS: Sets are sometimes completely prefabricated in the Ealing carpenters' shop, while others are built as complete movable units for transport to the studio or to location. Mobility of sets is an important time-saving factor. The "Spelleroller," an Ealing invention by construction chief George Speller, simplifies the movement of sets by means of a lever roller.

THE TESTING TIME: Aircraft manufacturer John Ridgefield (Joseph Tomelty) and designer Will Sparks (Ralph Richardson) watch a slow-motion film of their new jet plane—a scene from *The Sound Barrier*, a new London Film Production. It is said to be the first picture dealing with the special problems involved in supersonic flight.

THIS PITHEAD WAS BUILT BY SOUTHALL STUDIOS ON THEIR STUDIO LOT FOR THE MINING RESCUE STORY, "THE BRAVE DON'T CRY": This is the first film made by Group 3 in their 1952 programme. In it John Grierson, Executive Producer, has sought to portray something of the heroism which emerges in the face of common disaster, as it did in the days of the blitz.

It is not among these films, however, that a tradition in British film-making has been established. For it we must look to the more modest achievements of Ealing Studios. From that curious jumble of buildings, that look rather like a prosperous builder's back-yard, have come films which catch, more consistently than the output of any other British studio, the spirit of contemporary Britain.

Since the Ealing tradition depends so largely on the outlook of its production chief, Sir Michael Balcon, it is worth-while hearing his own words on the subject: "I felt we could not compete with the American output if we merely imitated it. But if we made essentially 'native' films, films about people and events similar to those familiar to our audience, then, regardless of whether we used a dramatic or comic approach, we should be doing something which only we could do successfully, and which would be welcome everywhere."

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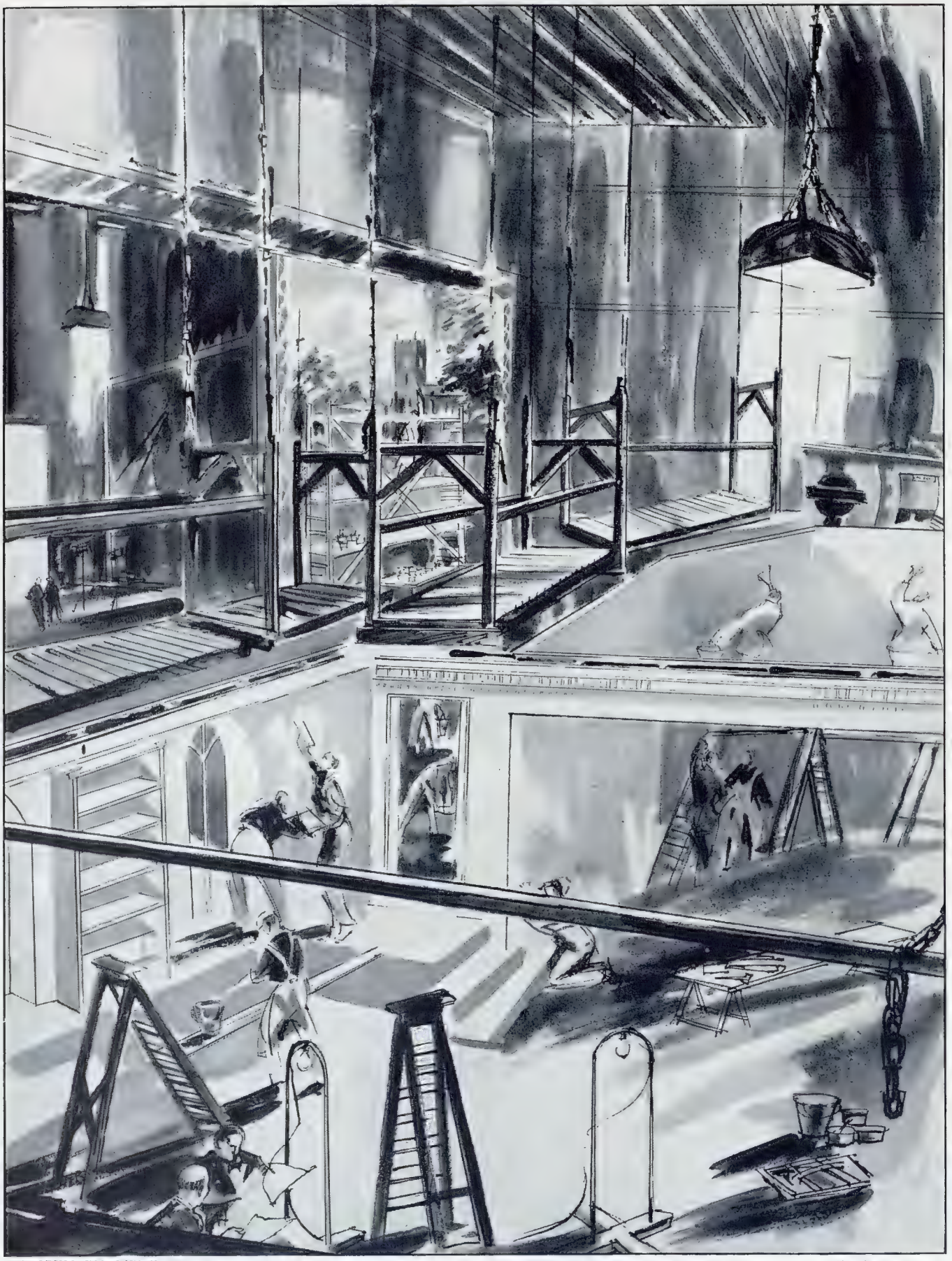
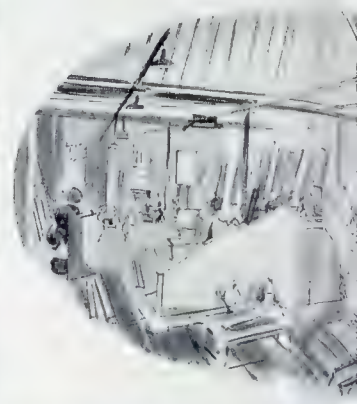




PREPARING FOR THE "TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT": In this drawing Jack Miller shows constructional work in progress on the Rectory set. Behind the set the scenic artist Geoffrey Dickinson is at work on the backcloths from sketches made on the location site near Bath. Also in the background can be seen a section of Camden Road Station used in the production of *The Gentle Gunman*.

FILM-MAKING IN BRITAIN

(*Continued from previous page*)

And so we have had from Ealing such films as *The Blue Lamp*, on the London policeman, *Pool of London*, the story of the Thames-side docks, and *I Believe in You*, on the life of the probation officer. These were films which satisfied the Balcon requirements. They drew their inspiration from the life of the people and they could have been made nowhere else but in Britain. This is one phase of the Ealing tradition which has its origin in part in the British documentary movement, and in the wartime production of such films as *The Foreman Went to France*, *Next of Kin* and *San Demetrio, London*.

The other phase is different but no less distinctive: the light, satiric social comedy, which has made the name of Ealing known all over the world. The note was first struck tentatively in *Hue and Cry*, written by T. E. B. Clarke. In *Passport to Pimlico*, by the same author, it was firm and clear. Here was comedy drawn from everyday life, comedy related as unmistakably to the British scene as any of the dramas or documentaries which preceded it. At last someone had found how to bring the British genius for civilised humour to the screen.

Ealing have developed and preserved this style in film-making. *Kind Hearts and Coronets* and *Whisky Galore!* have been followed by *The Lavender Hill Mob* and *The Man in the White Suit*. A new comedy by T. E. B. Clarke is in production at Ealing. *The Titfield Thunderbolt* is a gay satire on the road-rail rivalry, based on the experiences of a village community which takes over the running of its local line when it is on the point of being closed down. Something of its character may be gathered from the part it provides for Stanley Holloway: that of a bibulous old gentleman who is determined to drink away his fortune rather than leave it to his shrewish wife, and who finances the purchase of the railway on the understanding that the single passenger coach will be equipped with a bar!

What are the secrets of the success of the Ealing films? I would place first a sincere interest in the craft of film-making. As Sir Michael Balcon has said: "We don't make pictures to make money—we make money to make pictures." At Ealing Studios there is a creative enthusiasm you feel as soon as you enter. With this goes a sound understanding of the economics

(*Concluded on following pages*)

On right—

MAKING THE FILM OF "HIS EXCELLENCY": An interior studio scene, above which is suspended the great gantry with its forest of lamps. On the left of the picture is the camera with its two operators, and the Director of Photography pacing thoughtfully up and down. The boom operator is swinging his microphone over the players. In the centre the sound recordist is seen, his mixer controlling the volume of sound.

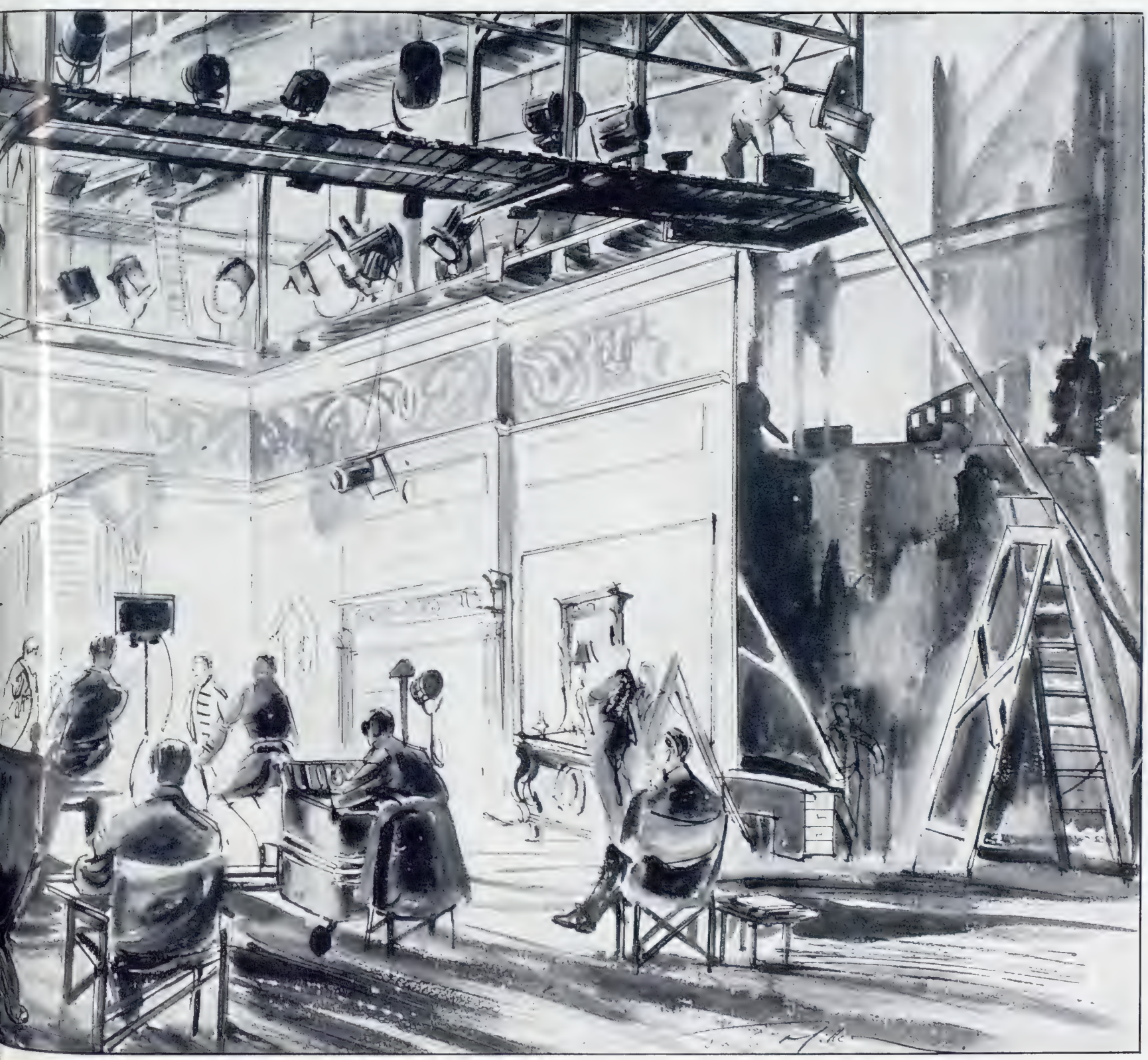
WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE EALING STUDIOS THE VISITOR MAY WELL BE CONFUSED BY THE DONEGAL SHIPPING COMPANY NOTICE : It is merely part of a film set, and a reminder that one can always expect the unexpected in such surroundings. The Ealing Studios are discreetly tucked away among the residential houses. Chestnut, lilac and may trees adorn the studio area, with its Carpenters', Painters' and Plasterers' shops, its administrative buildings and the studios themselves.

On left—

THE CARPENTERS' SHOP, A VAST DEPARTMENT WHERE WHOLE SETS MAY BE PREFABRICATED Much of the work is for the studio, but some of it is for transportation in sections out to location.

On right—

THE GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE DEPARTMENT : Some of the varied headgear used in dressing a film.



COMMEMORATING A RED-LETTER DAY IN THEATRICAL HISTORY: One of the most important sequences in the new Launder Gilliat production, *Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan*, shows the inauguration of the electric-light system at the Savoy Theatre, London, on the opening night of *Iolanthe*. The Savoy was the first theatre to use incandescent lighting, instead of gas, which always produced an overheated and hazy atmosphere. This behind-the-scenes shot, purporting to take place on the vacant lot outside the original Savoy Theatre, demonstrates the great lengths to which the film unit have gone to ensure period accuracy. The 12-h.p. steam engine, dating from the end of the last century, was borrowed from Richard Mann, of Shepperton, while the London Science Museum lent the Company a generator, with its own switchboard, of the type used when electricity was first generated at the Savoy in 1881. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans co-star in the title-roles of *Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan*.

FILM-MAKING IN BRITAIN

(*Concluded from page 422*)

of film-making. In place of huge budgets, lavish production, and all-star casts are strong story values, resourceful direction and skilful writing. Above all, Ealing films find their inspiration in the British scene; and the fact that *The Overlanders* and *Where No Vultures Fly* were made overseas does not invalidate the point.

Ealing has provided the continuity which is essential if a tradition in film-making is to be built up. Another essential is a flow of new talents, a training-school, if you like. For many years the G.P.O. and the Crown Film Units were such training-grounds; but with the contraction in the volume of British film production, there were insufficient outlets for the young men of talent they produced.

It was in order to provide opportunities for these younger film-makers that Group Three was established by the National Film Finance Corporation. John Grierson, a source of inspiration to hundreds of film-makers, was appointed executive producer, and John Baxter, with a wealth of experience in making such films as *The Common Touch* and *Love on the Dole*, was made production controller. Sir Michael Balcon is chairman of the company.

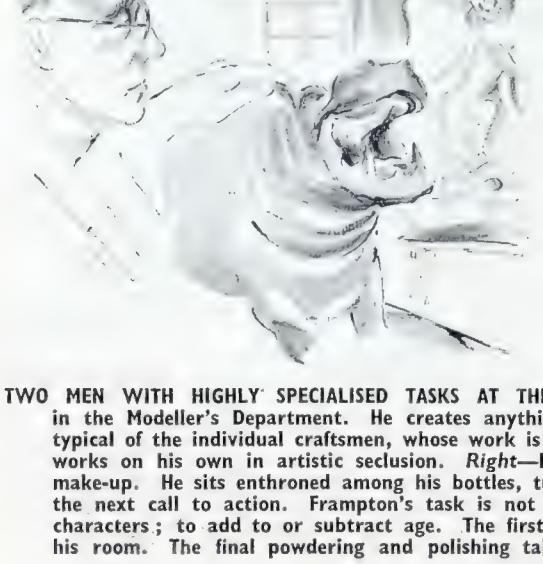
The first products of the group have just begun to reach the cinemas and we are beginning to appreciate the value for the future of British film-making of this new development. John Eldridge, who made the Edinburgh documentary, *Waverley Steps*, and the exciting air film, *Three Dawns to Sydney*, has directed *Brandy for the Parson*, a lighthearted smuggling comedy set in the south of England, made with wit and style. In immediate prospect are *You're Only Young Twice*, a boisterous farce on life in a Scottish University, adapted from a short play by James Bridie, and directed by Terry Bishop, who made the Oscar-winning documentary *Daybreak in Udi*; and *Time, Gentlemen, Please*, in which Lewis Gilbert, another director in his thirties, is said to be slyly humorous at the expense of Whitehall bureaucracy.

I would not be surprised if the film which established the standing of Group Three were to be *The Brave Don't Cry*. This is a drama of rescue at a Scottish mining disaster, written by Montagu Slater and directed by Phil Leacock, who made the notable documentary on mental illness, *Out of True*. A film with bravery in the face of disaster as its theme holds the possibility of greatness and report has it that a fine opportunity has been magnificently taken.

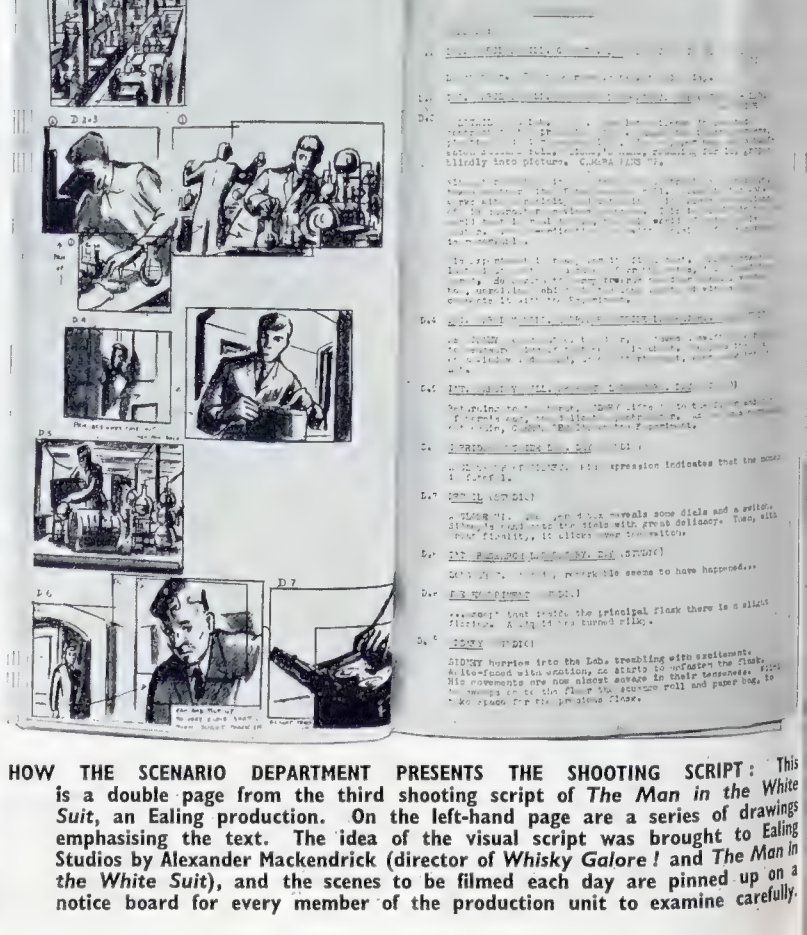
What is important at this stage is not individual achievement but that there should be some training-school where young men with a feeling for cinema may try out their ideas and get essential experience. Film-making is an expensive art and mistakes can be costly. But if experiments are never made there can be no progress.

Some notable work is promised from the established film groups. London Film Productions, whose *Cry, the Beloved Country* is a film of stature and integrity, have ready for showing *The Sound Barrier*, described as the first film on supersonic flight. Directed by David Lean, the film has Sir Ralph Richardson as an aircraft manufacturer with determination and vision and Nigel Patrick as a pilot who dares to fly through the sound barrier. London Films also have in production *Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan*, a biographical film made on an ambitious scale in Technicolor, with many excerpts from the Savoy operas. It was right that this

THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT, POSSESSING ALL THE VARIETY OF THE CALEDONIAN MARKET OF PRE-WAR DAYS: A stag's head, a ship's wheel, an engine-room telegraph, Edwardian busts, old school photographs and Victorian chandeliers are among the many objects in this very busy department, which is piled from floor to ceiling with properties.



TWO MEN WITH HIGHLY SPECIALISED TASKS AT THE EALING STUDIOS: *Left*—Fred Guy in the Modeller's Department. He creates anything the studio requires in clay and is typical of the individual craftsmen, whose work is vital to the film industry. Mr. Grey works on his own in artistic seclusion. *Right*—Harry Frampton, who is in charge of make-up. He sits enthroned among his bottles, tubes and sable brushes contemplating the next call to action. Frampton's task is not only to beautify, but to help create characters; to add to or subtract age. The first make-up operation is carried out in his room. The final powdering and polishing take place on the floor of the studio.



HOW THE SCENARIO DEPARTMENT PRESENTS THE SHOOTING SCRIPT: This is a double page from the third shooting script of *The Man in the White Suit*, an Ealing production. On the left-hand page are a series of drawings emphasising the text. The idea of the visual script was brought to Ealing Studios by Alexander Mackendrick (director of *Whisky Galore!* and *The Man in the White Suit*), and the scenes to be filmed each day are pinned up on a notice board for every member of the production unit to examine carefully.

THE PROPERTY DEPARTMENT AT EALING : Nothing could be more varied than this assortment, which has been brought together by the multitudinous demands of a whole series of films made at Ealing. Everything is neatly indexed, and the Department can help to build up a required scene at short notice. The collection grows constantly.

film should be made in Britain and it is ensured of a world-wide audience.

London Films are also making film versions of a number of plays, including Terence Rattigan's *Who Is Sylvia?* Harold Brighouse's *Hobson's Choice*, James Bridie's *What's Folly To Be Wise*, and John Dighton's *Who Goes There?* Sir Alexander Korda has announced that a number of his films will be shown on television in the United States, which is one way of breaking through the opposition of American companies to British films.

In addition to the Ealing films, the Rank Organisation has in production an elaborate new version of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, with a cast of notable players from stage and screen, and *The Planter's Wife*, a story of terror in present-day Malaya, with Claudette Colbert.

I must mention several other films which greatly extend the range and promise of the present British film situation. Peter Brook is to make a film version of *The Beggar's Opera*, and promises to treat Gay's work as a straightforward, exciting story in a Hogarthian setting. The film is to be treated realistically and will not be a reproduction of a theatrical performance. Noel Langley has made a new adaptation of *Pickwick Papers*, which was made as a silent film in 1921. James Hayter will play Mr. Pickwick. One of Georges Simenon's stories, *The Man Who Watches the Trains Go By*, is to be filmed in this country, with Claude Rains as the inconspicuous little clerk who becomes overnight a cunning madman and murderer. Finally, there is *The Animal Farm*, the cartoon version of George Orwell's novel which the ingenious John Halas is producing as a full-length film.

These are some of the films which will maintain the prestige of British films at home and overseas. For, despite the resistance of Hollywood, British films are reaching the world's screens. Perhaps the volume of trade is not as yet great, measured in figures. The report which P.E.P. has produced on "The British Film Industry" estimates that Britain's overseas film earnings lie somewhere between £3,000,000 and £3,500,000 annually. But measured in prestige rather than profit, the standing of British films is high.

Its film industry is one of Britain's most valuable assets. Its earning capacity is great, although only partially developed. But more important is the picture of Britain it projects across the world.

LINING UP A SHOT FOR THE FILM VERSION OF THE SUCCESSFUL STAGE PLAY "HIS EXCELLENCY" : The camera operator makes his preparations for the filming of the scene depicting the daily inspection of the Governor's household staff.

ETON CELEBRATES "THE FOURTH"

A Long Traditional Programme to Celebrate the Birth of George III

THREE YOUNG ETONIANS CARRY ICED REFRESHMENTS FOR THE GUESTS AT THE FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS : Last week Eton celebrated the 214th anniversary of the birth of George III, one of the College's greatest friends, with the traditional programme of speeches, cricket and rowing. The parents and sisters of the boys, the women in the bright colours of flowered dresses, semi-crinoline skirts and cartwheel hats, sat through a two-hour session of speech-making by sixth-form boys. Half-way through the morning the School XI and the Eton Ramblers, captained by sixty-two-year-old Mr. G. H. M. Cartwright, took the field for the second innings of their two-day match and the grand finale of the day came after the traditional "Fourth" supper, when a procession of ten boats, the crews standing with oars raised, came down-river into the glare of the floodlights.

"ABSENCE IN WESTON'S YARD"—AN ETON MASTER CALLS THE ROLL AS BOYS ENTER THE COLLEGE DURING THE FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS : On June 4 Eton has paid tribute to George III, its greatest benefactor, for many years, and last week the traditional ceremonies were held with the usual splendour. In this picture are some of the hundreds of parents who arrived in the glorious sunshine to watch the day's celebrations.

IMMACULATELY-DRESSED ETONIANS AWAIT THEIR PARENTS' ARRIVAL : All the boys were allowed to stay up for the fireworks and, best of all perhaps, there was no early school next day.

TEN YOUNG ETONIANS SEATED ON THE WALL : With hanging coat-tails the boys sit patiently awaiting the arrival of their parents for the Fourth of June celebrations. These boys are wearing tails, toppers and white ties, the ends of which must be tucked under the points of their collars.

THE CHAP WITH TWO SISTERS : The other chap's sisters are an important feature of the Fourth of June celebrations. These three young people are happily watching the cricket match.

THE BOYS AND THEIR PARENTS MINGLE IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS : There were many traditional Fourth of June ceremonies to entertain them. The fireworks display included such curiosities as "dizzle-dazzle rockets," "salvos of silver saucissons," and a "dazzling screen of aerial coruscations."

TUGS ASSIST THE "QUEEN MARY" FROM THE MANHATTAN DOCKS: The great Cunard-White Star liner seen bound for Southampton with a full passenger list, mostly consisting of dollar-spending Americans en route to Europe for their summer holidays. *Inset on left*—Another view of the departing *Queen Mary*, showing the *Mauretania* (two funnels), the *Georgic* and the *Media* all standing at their piers and waiting to take on passengers. These four ships, each fully booked, all left for Europe within twenty-nine hours of each other, the total number of passengers carried being 4,740. The *Georgic* carried 1,500 passengers and the *Mauretania* just over 1,000 passengers.

Below—
GETTING UP STEAM IN MANHATTAN: The *Georgic*, the *Queen Mary*, the *Mauretania* and the *Media* seen before their departure for Europe with the first tourist wave of the season. It is estimated that Americans and Canadians who are now on their way to Europe are bringing with them over 5,000,000 dollars.

NEW YORK EXODUS

BRITISH LINERS PACKED WITH DOLLAR TOURISTS SET SAIL FOR EUROPE, THE "QUEEN MARY" AT THE HEAD OF THE FLEET

KING BAUDOUIN IN SIENA: The King of the Belgians with his stepmother, the Princess de Réthy, and his sister, Princess Josephine Charlotte, as they left their hotel in Siena to visit the medieval town of San Gemignano. King Baudouin's arrival in Italy was hailed by the Italian Press as a prelude to his engagement to Princess Margareta of Savoy Aosta, daughter of the late Italian Viceroy of Ethiopia. Newspapers published pictures of the young couple side by side, and insisted that the engagement was about to be announced. The King and the Princess, it is understood, met at the Grand Hotel in Rome. Another report from Rome, this time quoted by the *Daily Mail*, was that students of the so-called K. Gang attempted to kidnap King Baudouin, the idea being to hold him to ransom, the ransom being a five-course champagne dinner. Apparently neither the young King nor the police were amused by this prank, which the police thwarted just in time. The ambush of King Baudouin was to have taken place at a hairpin bend on the Siena road.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

A Pictorial Survey from Home and Abroad

THE QUEEN RETURNS FROM SCOTLAND AT THE END OF COURT MOURNING AND BEFORE THE START OF AN OFFICIAL ROUND OF SUMMER ENGAGEMENTS: Queen Elizabeth walking from a Viking aircraft of the King's Flight on arrival at London Airport after spending a Whitsun holiday at Balmoral. The Queen's first engagement after her return was to attend the Royal Tournament at Earl's Court.

A RARE APPEARANCE BY PRINCESS WILHELMINA, THE FORMER QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS: The Princess seen on arrival at Guis Ter Duin, Noordwijk-by-Sea, where, in company with her daughter Queen Juliana, she attended the International Council for Christian Leadership, the theme of the gathering being "Righteousness among nations." Queen Wilhelmina, who was born in 1880 and reigned from 1890 to 1948, is the daughter of William III of Orange Nassau. She married Henry Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in 1901, and their daughter Juliana was born in 1909.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER DAUGHTER PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT AT THEIR HOME AT IVER, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: This charming new portrait of mother and daughter shows them on the lawns at The Coppins. The Duchess is forty-five and her daughter is fifteen. Princess Alexandra was born on Christmas Day 1936. Her elder brother, Prince Edward Duke of Kent, was born on October 9, 1935, and her other brother, Prince Michael of Kent, was born on July 4, 1942. The Duchess of Kent is the youngest daughter of the late Prince Nicholas of Greece.

THE HON. GERALD DAVID LASCELLES AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE : The younger son of the Princess Royal and of the late Earl of Harewood with his fiancée, Miss Angela Dowding, daughter of Lady Fox, and stepdaughter of Sir John Fox, of York Terrace, Regent's Park. The wedding will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 15. The reception will be held, by permission of the Queen, at St. James's Palace. Mr. Lascelles, who will be 28 in August, is thirteenth in the line of succession of the Throne. He met Miss Dowding, who is thirty-three, when they were in the same party at the Cresta Ball at a London hotel in 1949. During the war Miss Dowding was on the stage. She played for a time with Ralph Lynn in *Rookery Nook* at the St. Martin's Theatre. She also joined Ensa and toured overseas in straight plays, giving shows to the troops in Burma, Egypt and in Italy. Mr. Lascelles, who lives in London, has a post in the automobile division of David Brown Tractors Ltd., who build Aston Martin and Lagonda cars. A motor-racing enthusiast, he is president of the West Essex Car Club, which stages a motor-racing event at the Boreham circuit near Chelmsford. His interest in motor-racing is shared by Miss Dowding, who is sometimes seen at the wheel of his open sports car.

AMERICAN PAINTERS AND WRITERS HONOURED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART AND LETTERS : Paul Manship (left), President of the Academy, shows the Academy Gold Medal to Thornton Wilder (right) and Carl Sandburg (second from right). Later, both writers received honours. Thornton Wilder, whose *Bridge of San Luis Rey* was a best-seller, was awarded the prize for fiction, and Sandburg, biographer of Lincoln, was awarded the Medal for History and Biography.

A BRITISH-BORN AMERICAN ARTIST ARRIVES IN ENGLAND TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN : Mr. Douglas Chandor, the celebrated American artist, has been commissioned by Eleanor Roosevelt to paint a portrait of Queen Elizabeth. This will not be Mr. Chandor's first Royal portrait ; he painted the Duke of Windsor as Prince of Wales thirty-two years ago. The finished picture is to be presented to the American Embassy in London. The portrait will be painted in a series of seven or eight sittings.

VISCOUNT CHAPLIN, THE NEW HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY : The forty-five-year-old zoologist succeeds Dr. S. A. Neave in this post, to which he brings a wide knowledge. Lord Chaplin has taken a lifelong interest in birds and animals, particularly humming-birds and tree frogs. He is also a painter, painting sub-tropical birds and flowers with skill. He lived for some years in France, but has now taken up residence in Chelsea. Lord Chaplin's second wife is Rosemary, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton.

A NEW PERSONALITY ON THE COURTS—MISS MAUREEN CONNOLLY, WHO HAS COME OVER TO EUROPE WITH THE INTENTION OF ADDING THE WIMBLEDON LAWN TENNIS TITLE TO THE AMERICAN TITLE WHICH SHE WON IN 1951 : Miss Connolly is seen falling on the baseline after failing to reach a hard return in the final of the Surrey Championships at Surbiton. Miss Connolly won the match after being a set down, her hard driving and her play at the net being too much for Mrs. Todd. Maureen Connolly, who hails from San Diego, California, and is only seventeen years of age, has tremendous power in her driving and an almost uncanny accuracy.

On right—

THREE AMERICANS WHO HAVE BEEN GIVING EVIDENCE AGAINST THE COMMUNISTS IN WASHINGTON : Major-General Claire Chennault, wartime Air Force commander in China ; Elizabeth Bentley, a former Communist underground agent who has recently written her reminiscences, and Whittaker Chambers, accuser of Alger Hiss, seen together in Washington, where they appeared on the same day before the Senate Internal Security Sub-Committee, giving vital evidence. Miss Bentley said she had been told by her Soviet contacts during her activity in the Communist party that there were four groups of Communists working within the Government. Two of these had been exposed, she said, and she knew for certain that the other two groups had not been exposed.

ON SAFARI —*The Modern Way*

Gone are the Dangers and Discomforts of the Amateur Big-game Hunter in Africa; Safaris To-day are Arranged by Specialised Companies

MODERN BIG-GAME HUNTERS ARRIVE BY AIR TO FIND THEIR CAMP AWAITING THEM : A camp hostess is seen greeting one of the guests on a safari organised in the modern way by a Nairobi company which specialises in supplying all the requirements.

NATIVES SURROUND ONE OF THE CARS CARRYING THE "JUNGLE TOURISTS" : Until the Masai's clamouring for salt and sugar can be satisfied very little is seen of their way of life and strange customs. But they are really a hospitable people.

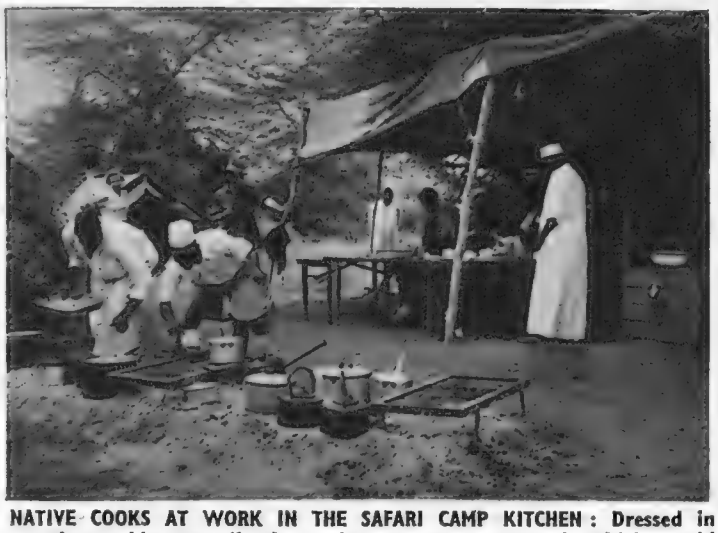
JUNGLE WAGONS RUMBLE THROUGH THE GAME COUNTRY : In the past an occasional safari would make its laborious way across country like this, with equipment carried on the heads of native porters. To-day, modern transport carries the sportsmen with their guns or cameras to the best game country.

THE PROFESSIONAL HUNTERS PLAN AN EVENING'S OUTING FOR THEIR CLIENTS : These are men who know the jungle and veldt as well as the Londoner knows his own garden. Under their protection the tourists can approach the most dangerous animals and proudly carry off magnificent photographs or trophies.

THE TOURISTS ARRIVE AT THEIR CAMP ON THE VELDT : Watched over by hunters who know all the possible dangers, and attended by efficient and understanding servants, the tourist avoids the hazards and discomforts without missing the thrill of meeting big game.

LUNCHEON ON SAFARI : Comfortably seated in a large marquee and attended by efficient bearers, the tourists enjoy a meal. The menus, planned before the safari begins, are astonishingly varied and lavish. Almost any delicacy the tourists ask for can be supplied.

AFTER LIGHTS OUT IN THE SAFARI ENCAMPMENT : The native boys keep guard around the fire while their guests sleep secure and comfortable in the big tents beyond. The tourists have electric light in their tents and even baths with constant hot water.



NATIVE COOKS AT WORK IN THE SAFARI CAMP KITCHEN : Dressed in long white overalls the cooks prepare camp meals which would do justice to the tables of a luxury hotel. Before the trip begins, the menus are submitted for the approval of the tourists.

The Dark Continent is getting lighter: Africa is turning her forests and plains into record dollar-earners. A holiday on safari, complete with "white hunters," native porters, mechanical transport and all the things that make it like a Trader Horn trek, can to-day be arranged by any of the several companies specialising in safaris. Needless to say, the United States provides most of the customers, although Swiss, Swedish and Dutch tourists have all been and still come.

Times have changed indeed. Gone are the days when hunters set off from shanty towns like Nairobi into the interior for months at a time, searching for ivory, often attacked by tribes and always beset by disease and the other dangers of the jungle. To-day safaris into the interior can be smoothly arranged and companies like Safarilands, which is managed by Colonel Corbett, the famous hunter of man-eaters in the Indian jungles, exist to provide the tourist with all the thrills and to ensure that he meets with none of the dangers. The companies have close links with the international travel agencies.

A safari trip may cost from £420 a person. A plane takes you from the town to a jungle airstrip, where the professional hunters greet you and whisk you off in "jungle wagons" to the camp.

You live there in considerable comfort: refrigerators, hot baths, electric light, excellent meals and first-class service—all these combine to exclude the dangers from heat, disease, insects and predatory animals which haunted earlier adventurers.

The day is usually divided into two parts. Very early morning is a good time to go out, and often the safari starts at 5.30 a.m. The middle part of the day is devoted to rest and sleep, and perhaps a game of cards back in camp. Then there is another trip to spot, photograph or shoot game in the early evening. Visits are arranged to wandering tribes, often quite a distance into the interior. The jungle wagons save a lot of walking, although stout shoes or boots are recommended in the long list of kit supplied with details of the trip.

Animals which can be almost guaranteed are elephants, rhinos, giraffes, buffaloes, baboons, bush monkeys, gazelles, buck, wildebeests and a large number of birds. The Masai are the most visited tribe, but will only permit pictures and visits to their areas on striking a bargain with salt and sugar. The hunters always take these with them. The Masai live almost entirely on milk and blood extracted from their cattle. For a fair payment in salt they will stage a spear-throwing contest.

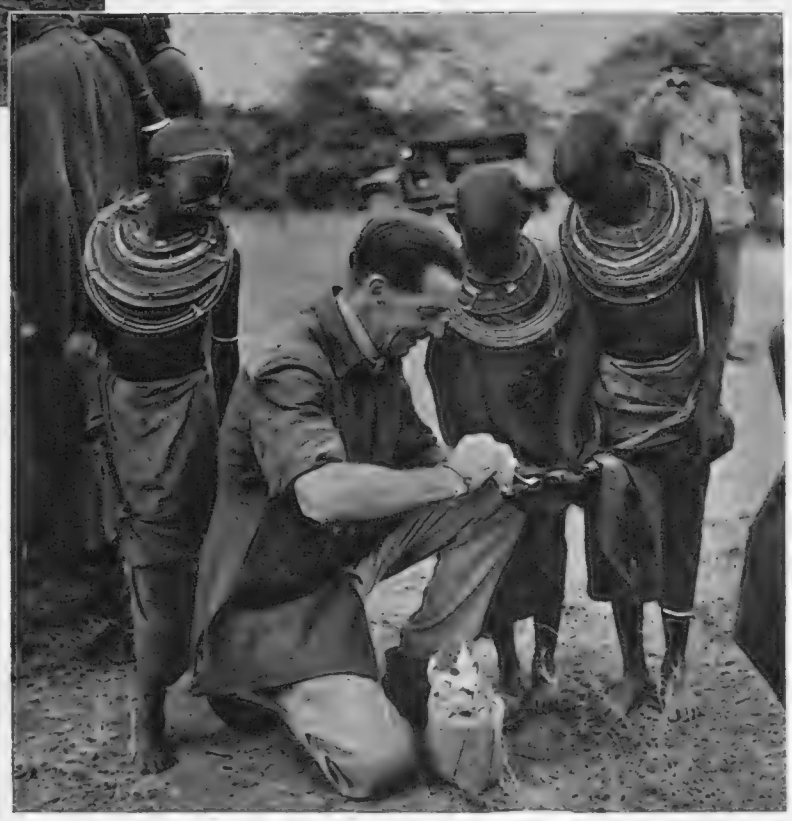
Safarilands and other similar companies are doing well, and their business is good for Kenya. They cater for the man who arrives from, say, Kansas or Kingston, Valparaiso or Venice, with no more than a lounge suit and black shoes. Clothes, camp kit, guns, even cameras, food, wines and spirits, licences, as well as the guides and hunters, transport by air and road—all are there in Nairobi. If he wants to shoot and have his trophies prepared for shipment home, that also is just part of the service.

There are few rules. They exist only for the safety of the inexperienced, and they have to be strictly observed. All the elderly lady or the business tycoon from Topeka have to do is to stay where they are put, move when they are told, and the hunter with his knowledge of the wilds will enable them to have experiences which will keep the golf club, the saloon bar, or the board-room awestruck for many months.

THE PROFESSIONAL HUNTERS STAND READY WITH THEIR GUNS AS THEIR GUESTS WATCH AND PHOTOGRAPH BIG GAME : A wild elephant has been spotted by the hunters and the safari tourists are brought down wind to a vantage point where they can watch without disturbing the great animal. Nowadays the camera is used far more often than the gun.

EXPERT HUNTERS AND A NATIVE BOY SEARCH FOR THE GAME : When animals have been located the hunters decide on the best spot for watching them and the tourists are then taken there. Absolute quiet and obedience to the hunters' instructions are essential for the safety of the tourists.

DISTRIBUTING SALT TO YOUNG MASAI TRIBESMEN AND THEIR WIVES : When a suitable amount of salt and sugar has been distributed the Masai stage spear-throwing contests and allow the tourists to photograph them. Visits to the tribesmen are as popular as watching big game.



WINNING THE HEARTS OF THE MASAI CHILDREN : The professional hunter knows that salt is to these Masai girls what sweets are to English children. As he distributes generous helpings the tourists' cameras click.

THE TROPHIES OF THE MODERN BIG-GAME HUNTER : Nowadays an album of photographs like these is more valued than a study full of dusty, moth-eaten heads. The short-sighted rhino, the rare wild camel, the gentle, graceful giraffe and that sovereign of the jungle, the African wild elephant, are a few of the prizes awaiting the camera of the modern hunter. Professional guides, with rifles alert for any emergency, can take a party within a stone's-throw of a "crash" of rhinos or a herd of elephants.

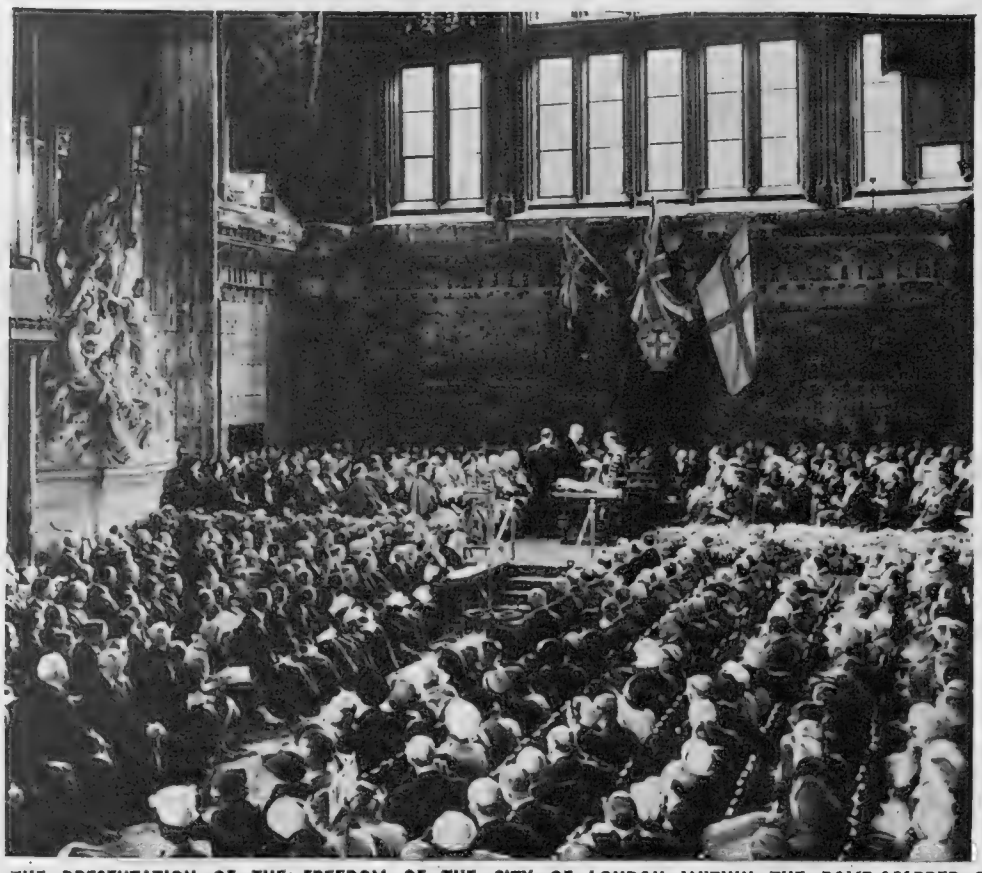
THE THRILLS OF THE CHASE ACROSS THE WIDE EXPANSE OF THE KENYAN VELDT : The hunters and tourists in one of the jungle wagons chase a giraffe across the veldt to get a closer look at it. In spite of its awkward proportions, no other beast can move with such grace and dignity as the giraffe. These animals are found only in Central and South Africa, chiefly in arid, semi-desert regions. They are usually wary and timid, but when at bay they can deliver formidable kicks with their long legs.

MR. MENZIES BECOMES A FREEMAN OF LONDON

The Australian Prime Minister Honoured by the City

THE NEW FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON APPEARS ON THE BALCONY OF THE MANSION HOUSE: Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, standing beside London's Australian-born Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, as they came out before the crowd after the civic luncheon which followed the earlier ceremony at Guildhall, at which Mr. Menzies was made a Freeman. Mr. Menzies stands on the right-hand of the Lord Mayor and Lady Boyce is on the right-hand of Mr. Menzies. This was the Lord Mayor's first public appearance following his recent illness, from which he has made such a remarkable recovery. The day began with a drive by Mr. and Mrs. Menzies from the Law Courts—marking the City's ancient boundary on the west—to Guildhall. There Mr. Menzies inspected a guard of honour of Royal Marines mounted in Guildhall Yard. In his speech on accepting the honour of Freeman, Mr. Menzies declared that London is the greatest city in the world—a magnificent conspiracy between Portland stone and the London weather. In a tribute to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House luncheon, Mr. Menzies described him as a great Australian and a great Londoner, whose courage had enabled him to come through his recent serious illness.

THE DRIVE FROM THE LAW COURTS TO GUILDHALL: Mr. and Mrs. Menzies acknowledging the ovation as they made their ceremonial progress. Later, Mr. Menzies described it as a great experience "to be set upon high and trundled through these historic streets."



THE PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON WITHIN THE BOMB-SCARRED GUILDHALL: *Left*—A general view of the scene as Mr. Menzies was received by the Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce. *Right*—Sir Leslie hands the casket containing the certificate of freedom to Mr. Menzies. The proceedings in Guildhall opened with a cry of "Order, order." Then the Town Clerk, Sir Anthony Pickford, read the Order of the Court directing the presentation of the freedom. The principal clerk to the Chamberlain advanced to the front of the dais. In accordance with custom he read the declaration of the Compurgators, testifying that Mr. Menzies "is a man of good name and fame, that he does not desire the Freedom of this City whereby to defraud the Queen or this City of any of their rights, customs or advantages."

MORE ROYAL OCCASIONS

The Queen Mother Joins Her Grandchildren at Balmoral; Princess Margaret Tours Wiltshire; the Duke of Edinburgh Inspects the Glasgow Police Pipe Band

PRINCESS MARGARET TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST OF CADETS DURING HER VISIT LAST WEEK TO DEVIZES: The Princess, touring Wiltshire on Saturday, inspected thousands of members of various youth organisations. At Le Marchant Barracks, Devizes, she inspected 620 cadets of pre-Service units and afterwards took the salute at a march-past. Later in the day, at Park Fields, she inspected 1,000 cadets of the St. John Ambulance Brigade and the British Red Cross Society, and was shown many aspects of their work and training. Thousands of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides turned out to greet her at Bowood, near Calne. Standing in a Land-Rover she made a tour of their camp. The Princess was wearing a black, full-skirted grosgrain coat and a black velvet hat trimmed with white. The tour was her first public duty since Court mourning ended on May 31.

THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVES LONDON AIRPORT FOR BALMORAL: Her Majesty walking to her plane, a Viking of the King's Flight, with Air Marshal Sir John D'Albiac, Commandant of London Airport. At Dyce Airport, Aberdeen, she was met by her grandson the Duke of Cornwall, who had been brought by car from Balmoral. The Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, was also there to greet her. The Queen Mother is expected to stay at Balmoral until June 17, when she will return south.

On right—

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTS MEMBERS OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW POLICE PIPE BAND AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Pipe-Major Inspector MacDonald (right) introduces one of the pipers to the Duke during the Band's visit to the Palace last week before their departure for a fortnight's good-will tour of France. The pipers, dressed in blue tunics, white-plumed black feather bonnets and Royal Stewart kilts and plaids, played the tune "Hielan' Laddie" and were watched by her Majesty the Queen from a window of the Palace.

THE MAY RACES AT CAMBRIDGE—RACING ON THE CAM, WHERE FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION LADY MARGARET RETAINED THEIR POSITION AT THE HEAD OF THE RIVER: Once again Lady Margaret were not called upon to show their real racing abilities. Altogether fourteen crews won their oars. During the racing King's IV ascended nine positions, which is believed to have been achieved on only one previous occasion—by Corpus Christi in the course of the Lent races in 1905.

A CROWDED WEEK OF SPORT

May Races—The Indian Test—The Curtis Cup—Bannister's Mile

SENSATIONAL CRICKET AT HEADINGLEY: V. L. Manjrekar throwing himself flat to save being run out by T. G. Evans, the English wicket-keeper, during the Indian first innings in the first Test Match. Manjrekar scored 133 in the first innings, when he was the backbone of the Indian side, and he was bowled by Trueman for 0 in the second innings, when India underwent a sensational collapse, losing four wickets for no runs in fourteen balls. The Test, with its alternate collapses and recoveries, marked the appearance in Test cricket of England's young fast bowler Trueman, who quite obviously has a remarkable future in international cricket. England won by 7 wickets.

BRITAIN WINS THE CURTIS CUP: Lady Katharine Cairns, non-playing captain of the British team, receiving the trophy from Mr. Dallmeyer, captain of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, after the victory of the British team, who are seen behind her.

ROGER BANNISTER SHOWS HIS PACES AT MOTSPUR PARK: The young English miler leading the field in last Saturday's race, when, without going full out, he ran the second fastest mile recorded in this country this year, his time being 4 mins. 10.6 secs. Bannister won the race by over 120 yards, and so for the greater part of the journey there was no one to pace him. His chances in the 1,500 metres event in the Olympic Games at Helsinki are obviously bright, as he is working up with a steady rhythm towards the peak of fitness.

MISS JEAN DONALD, OF NORTH BERWICK, HOLES A WINNING PUTT OF 8 YARDS: With this fine performance Britain ended the first day of the Curtis Cup battle with the Americans, standing one up in the foursomes. On the following day Britain had to secure three victories in order to gain the coveted trophy, and this came to pass with the narrow victory of Miss E. Price over Miss G. de Moss. The Americans were anything but happy in the strong, cold wind, which made Muirfield the sternest of golfing tests, and there was no gainsaying the stout-hearted nature of the British effort. This was the first British victory in the Curtis Cup recorded since this international event was instituted twenty years ago.

THE QUEEN AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

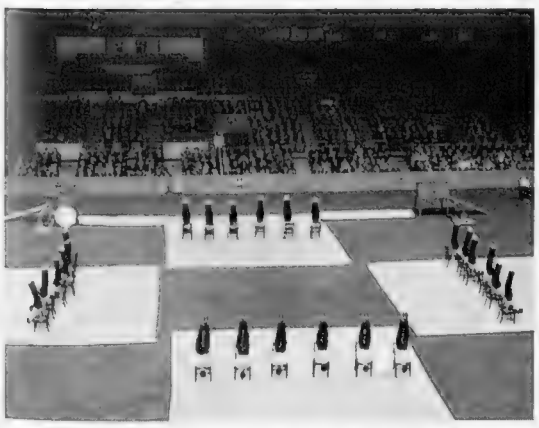
The Royal Family's First Public Engagement Following the End of Court Mourning

THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE ROYAL BOX AT EARL'S COURT: After the playing of the National Anthem the Queen and the Princess stood while the Duke went into the arena to inspect the combined guard of honour provided by the Royal Navy, the Scots Guards and the Royal Air Force. Standing behind Princess Margaret is Major-General J. A. Gascoigne, G.O.C. London District and Major Commanding the Household Brigade, and also Chairman of the Royal Tournament. The Queen and Princess Margaret wore black dresses and black hats.

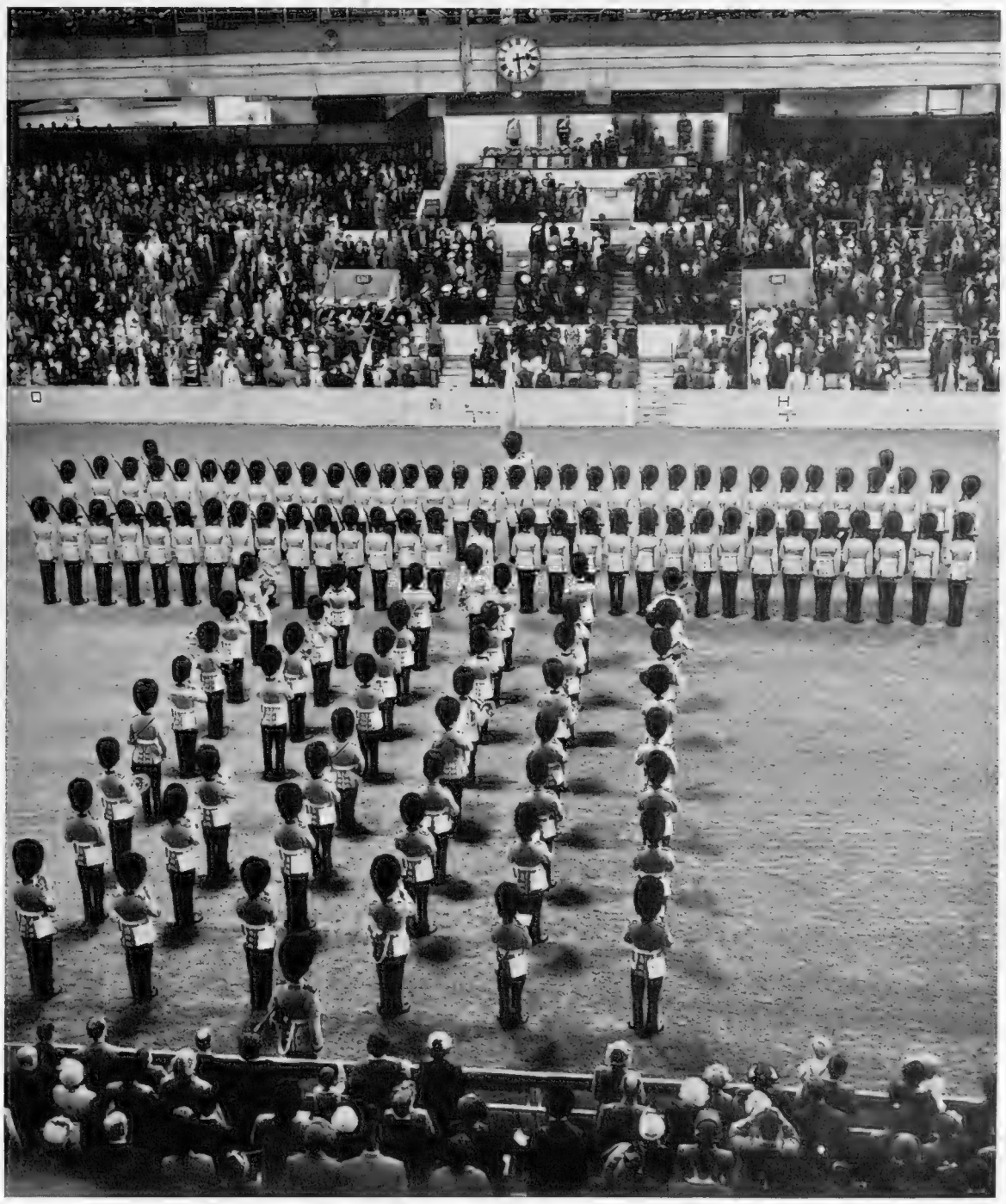
THE "TOY SOLDIERS" PROVIDE A GUARD OF HONOUR: The Queen, accompanied by Major-General J. A. Gascoigne, passing the guard mounted by boys of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Training School. The Royal Tournament continues until June 21.

THE MUSICAL RIDE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: At the close of the musical ride the Household Cavalry, consisting of equal contingents of the Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, saluted the Queen.

KEEN COMPETITION BETWEEN MEN OF THE R.N.: This picture was taken during the competition between Gun Teams of Chatham and the Fleet Air Arm.



THE COMBINED SERVICES PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY: Altogether some 1,800 servicemen took part in the first day's presentation of the Royal Tournament, which went on for about three hours.



THE ROYAL SALUTE: A general view of the scene at Earl's Court as the band played the National Anthem on the arrival of the Royal party in the Royal Box for the opening of the Royal Tournament. After inspecting the triple guard of honour, Prince Philip took the salute at one end of the arena as the three guards marched past. Later, after each display in the programme, he took the salute of the particular service on view.

THE CAR EXPORT BAROMETER RISES

While Second-hand Car Prices Continue to Fall the Manufacturers Look Forward to Better Overseas Markets

BY "THE SPHERE'S" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

SECOND-HAND car prices are dropping, and no doubt about it. You have only to study the advertisement columns of the newspapers and technical magazines to get ample proof of this. I think there are two main causes: shortage of money and the prospect—now, happily, receding—that the motor industry's export trade was all set for a drastic slump.

With improved trading conditions in Canada, which used to be one of our best markets, and may be again, the gloom which had settled on the foreign sales departments of our leading manufacturers has dissipated somewhat. Yet the prices of used cars continue their downward trend.

One of the best barometers to the state of the used-car market are the auctions held in various parts of the country. One of the biggest and best of these is the Measham Motor Sales Organisation, run by Mr. G. A. Hill just outside Burton-on-Trent, and some comments made by Mr. Hill at his recent *concours d'elegance* are worth noting.

He thinks that by the beginning of July no cars—not even the popular models—will be selling at more than their list prices, as they have been for several years, and he gave this warning: "If you vendors want to sell, you have got to cut your reserve prices and get them sold. If you don't, you will only take them home and have to accept less for them later." Auction sales are held at this well-run mart every Tuesday and Thursday: £22,000,000 worth of cars have changed hands there in ten years.

Mr. E. W. Rankin, Public Relations Officer for Jaguar Cars, Ltd., came out strongly the other day in reply to statements on another aspect of car prices. "An impression is gaining ground," he said, "that cars in the £1,500-plus price bracket can now be obtained 'off the peg,' and that long-waiting lists for such cars are now things of the past.

"As far as we are concerned, the delivery position in the home market is unchanged. A very long waiting list for Jaguars includes unsatisfied orders dating back to 1946, and deliveries will continue to be made in strict rotation."

It must be very embarrassing for a motor firm when irresponsible statements are made which give the false impression that they are looking for customers when, in fact, they receive every day shoals of letters from impatient would-be customers who have had cars on order for years.

For some long time now Jaguar cars have been exporting 85 per cent. of their total output, mostly to dollar markets.

When I hear people say, "It 's about time that one of our car manufacturers turned out a People's Car," I always ask them, "What about the Ford Anglia?" For this really *is* a "People's Car." Even in these days of mounting production and material costs the 933-cc. (8 h.p.) four-seater Anglia saloon has a list price of only £330. This is increased by purchase tax to £514 16s. 8d., but you can hardly blame the Ford Motor Company for that!

The Anglia gives you real basic motoring. I have driven one a great deal lately, in all sorts of conditions, and I claim to know what I am talking about. You can depend on 40 miles to the gallon, however carelessly you drive the car; and provided you take her to your garage for full lubrication service—including an oil change—every 1,000 miles, trouble-free running is practically guaranteed.

In this connection, I think full marks are due to the Dagenham firm for introducing their "Make Sure Service" under which Anglia owners can buy a book of vouchers for £2 8s. and use them instead of cash for "paying" for the lubrication of their cars.

You get four 6s. 6d. tickets for four 1,000-miles services and one 22s. voucher for a more comprehensive check-over at 5,000 miles.

On the open road the Anglia jogs along without fuss at 40-45 miles an hour. You can get a steady 50 out of her, of course, but I personally think that 45 miles is fast enough for normal work. You have to drive these cars within their design limitations or else you are going to be dissatisfied and store up trouble for yourself. The transverse springing of the Anglia jolts you about a bit and the car takes a bit of driving—partly because the steering is rather too high-geared and partly because it has a three-speed gearbox—but it is an extremely useful runabout, and one of which you get very fond if you treat it properly and enable it to give of its best.

A 60-MILE-PER-HOUR ROAD BY CHILE'S BEACHES: An impressive view of the Pacific coastal highway now being built under a Government plan to modernise the Chilean section of the Pan-American highway system. 2,500 men and 15,000,000 dollars in machinery costs are involved in constructing this road. Built in long, straight stretches, it crosses deserts, mountains and rivers, and when completed will join Arica, on the North Peruvian border, to Puerto Montt, in South Chile. Despite the rugged nature of the country, no gradient is more than 7 in 100 and all curves permit a speed of 60 miles per hour with perfect safety.

What a remarkable thing this Owen Organisation is! And what striking proof it affords of what private enterprise can still do in this day and age provided it has the proper inspiration! Started nearly sixty years ago by the late Mr. Alfred Owen, a Welshman from Wrexham, on a capital of £1,000, the organisation now comprises thirty-six separate major firms.

It is one of the country's largest engineering groups and makes practically everything in its field—from nuts and bolts to buildings. The parent firm—Rubery, Owen and Co., Ltd.—is located at Darlaston, Staffordshire, and the organisation has branches in Australia and Canada.

At the staff dinner in London's Grosvenor House, Mr. Alfred Owen, chairman and managing director, hinted that developments might be expected in Australia and Canada, "and perhaps other parts of the world."

Mr. Alfred Owen is a teetotaller and non-smoker and a man of deep religious convictions. His brother Ernest is joint managing director of this big engineering "empire." In his little speech at the Grosvenor House party, Mr. Alfred Owen said people marvelled at the growth of the organisation from his father's £1,000 investment, and asked: "How is it done these days?" Said Mr. Owen: "We are thriving and still growing, and that is the answer to people who say that England is dying and there is no chance for an individual to achieve anything."

Mr. Owen mentioned that the organisation had no responsibility to shareholders, "and so does not have to worry about dividends." Every single penny was ploughed back into the business. With only a family responsibility and no obligation to shareholders, they had perhaps been able to achieve many things that a public company might find great difficulty in doing.

Mr. Owen is the long-suffering chairman of the B.R.M. Trust, and in a reference to the ill-starred British racing car, he said: "In the next week or two it is either going to make itself or break itself."

Britain's National Committee on Road Safety, in a report to the Minister of Transport on motor-cycle accidents, makes some sound suggestions for reducing the appallingly high accident rate for this type of vehicle. I hope the Minister will adopt them at once and put them into effect promptly.

The need for imaginative action is urgent. A motor-cyclist is three or four times more likely to be involved in an accident involving personal injury—for a given distance—than the driver of a four-wheeled vehicle. And a sample investigation of the ages of those killed or injured in motor-cycle accidents has shown that about half were in the age group nineteen to twenty-seven. Britain can ill-afford the loss of these young men.

Greatest hope of reducing motor-cycle accidents, according to the Road Safety Committee, lies in providing facilities for sound training which will induce careful, as well as skilful, riding. They urge that the training scheme which the R.A.C. and the Auto-Cycle Union have been running for the past four years, in collaboration with motor-cycle clubs, should be expanded.

They want the Minister to start discussions between his technical advisers and motor-cycle manufacturers to see what practical steps can be taken to reduce the vulnerability of motor-cycles.

You were not able to read a great deal in the daily newspapers about the May conference in London of motor-touring experts from many different countries because, while their deliberations were important, they were not very exciting.

There are two international organisations concerned with touring and motoring: the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme (A.I.T.) and the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile (F.I.A.). There was inevitably a certain amount of overlapping and duplication of effort, and it is a good thing that they formed, in 1951, a third body—the World Touring and Automobile Organisation (O.T.A.)—to co-ordinate the activities.

A.I.T. and F.I.A.—confound these wretched initials!—can now speak with a single voice in the councils of the United Nations Organisation and other international bodies. The O.T.A. provides a link between over 100 national touring, motoring and cycling organisations throughout the world and represents on a world level more than 10,000,000 motorists and cyclists.

I think the O.T.A. can do a lot in co-ordinating national campaigns for road safety, and I have just been studying with interest its International Road Safety Manual. It describes road accidents as "a major social problem" in nearly every country, and lays special emphasis on the important part that ordinary courtesy plays in accident prevention.

"The keynote of this Code is 'Consideration for others,'" the manual states. "Every road user—driver, cyclist and pedestrian—has responsibilities as well as rights." That is a truth which we must all remember.

THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION ANTICIPATES A BUSY SEASON ON THE ROADS OF BRITAIN: A procession of A.A. men leaving for their "beats" in all parts of the country, following their collection of new machines from a Midlands factory. In view of the reduction in currency allowance for overseas travel the Association is expecting a heavy season of motoring at home.

A CONVOY OF M.G. T.D. MIDGETS EN ROUTE TO AVONMOUTH, BRISTOL, FOR SHIPMENT TO THE UNITED STATES: Convoys like this daily leave Nuffield Exports, Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, for the docks, and a week's shipment represents some 250,000 dollars. Production programmes for these cars have been increased by 80 per cent. since January to meet increased orders from the U.S.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

A good start in life

Expert care has surrounded his childhood. For his health, the qualified doctor. For his education, the qualified teacher. For his happiness and well-being, nature's own experts — his parents.

And for his first watch? That is an expert matter too, and the local expert is your jeweller.

Immense painstaking care, and the inherited skill of ten generations of craftsmen, make the good Swiss jewelled-lever watch the miniature miracle that it is. Such care in the making merits care in the choosing, so don't leave it to chance. Go to your jeweller, and seek his expert advice.

The full support, the whole resources of the Swiss watch industry are behind the reliable jeweller. He can show you, as no one else can, how to judge the quality of a watch. He can ensure you efficient service in the years to come. If you choose it wisely, with the jeweller's advice, your boy's watch—like its proud owner—will have a good start in life.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE NEW NOVELS; A MIXED BAG

"The Lady by Candlelight"; "Aunt Clara"; "The Witch's Thorn," and "A Woman Called Fancy"

IT would be a mistake to suppose that a fairy-story need necessarily be whimsical, or that whimsy, that odious tendency, has anything to do with fancy. Any well-brought-up child could put one straight about that. So in describing THE LADY BY CANDLELIGHT (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) as having elements of a fairy-story in it, I do not mean that the plot is carried on by pixies, or that there is anything more magical about it than an occasional moonlight night, and an ancestral castle. Mrs. J. Bissell Thomas has the lightest of touches in composing her present-day love-story, a delicious sense of humour, and a grasp of domestic questions, both kitchen and nursery, that is quite admirable.

AUNT CLARA (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is made of sterner stuff, although Miss Noel Streatfeild's novel, too, shows a very acute understanding of life as it is lived in England's present circumstances. This is the story of an elderly lady whose uncle's malicious sense of fun prompts him to leave her an embarrassing bequest of a Kentish pub, some racehorses and greyhounds, a London house used for one of the most ancient of purposes, and the future well-being of a couple of charming but illegitimate children. Aunt Clara tackles everything indomitably, singing snatches of mission hymns and helped by a golden-hearted Cockney manservant, but the story lacks vitality, and the hordes of disapproving relations are almost as dull on paper as they would have been in life.

MAKING A NEW CAREER IN AMERICA: Chang Dai-chien, the Chinese classic painter, engaged upon one of his masterpieces. He has recently left San Francisco for Hong Kong to collect seven of his children, whom he is taking back to the United States, where they are to settle down. Five of his children are in China.

I have a complaint to make about THE WITCH'S THORN (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), in that Miss Ruth Park, an Australian writer of considerable power, can do much better than this, and that her new novel insists so implacably on the squalid, the brutal and the warped as to revolt the reader. It is not, of course, unreadable. On the contrary, it is only too readable, for this is part of the author's very real talent, and at least three or four of the characters have germs of goodness and lovability in them. But the tortured child who is at the centre of the story is bullied and beaten into anonymity, and I cannot feel that the author has achieved her object of contrasting the power of love with the power of hate. The contrast certainly exists in the story, but this is too violent a way of showing it.

A WOMAN CALLED FANCY (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is another great big, bouncing romance of the Deep South, this time in the 1880's, by Mr. Frank Yerby, who has developed quite a manner in these things. Fancy is a radiantly pretty girl with eyes the colour of the sky at harvest-time and a very quick temper. She is loved by a rather nice, lusty fellow who runs a medicine show, but she loves a pallid aristocrat whose heart is otherwise engaged. (When I had read as far as this I began to be haunted by an echo of something or other. Perhaps somebody will be able to identify it.) Anyway, the course of Fancy's love runs about as smoothly as a mill race, but ends up in a satisfactorily still pond after some fine Southern flourishes.

Mr. Lawrence Klingman and Mr. Gerald Green were on the night shift of a New York news agency two or three years ago when they first heard the hint of a story about a fabulous adventurer from Savannah, Georgia, who had carved out a sort of South Sea empire for himself. Newspapermen being used to quick decisions, they decided to investigate this true but fantastic story, and accordingly did, writing up their findings in novel form in the din of teletype machines and typewriters. The result is HIS MAJESTY O'KEEFE (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), an appropriately highly-coloured story of the King of Yap, as he had been called, and of his South Seas dynasty.

In the long intervals between Mr. Geoffrey Household's novels, one is apt to forget just how good they are, until something like A TIME TO KILL (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) comes to remind us. This is an adventure-story set in the present time, and concerning those familiar characters, the Agents of a Foreign Power, here transmuted into credible and threatening people. The Dorset country and coastline are lovingly reproduced, but best of all is the economy of writing, and the cleverly-built tension.

A SHOT OF MURDER (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is an American thriller of some merit, in which a nice young honeymoon couple get a wedding trip to Europe on the thin excuse of discovering a missing singer from their home town. They run rather hard into the Iron Curtain and are understandably concussed, but the hero finds the victim after a number of alarums and excursions, all of which are described with the authority of one who has known his post-war Warsaw. Mr. Jack Iams is a new name for my list, and one to remember.

THE DROWNING POOL (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is an American whodunit of more classic pattern, with hoodlums and beatings-up and wide-open Californian oil towns, but it is ably constructed and its solution comes as at least 95 per cent. of a surprise. Mr. John Macdonald does this kind of thing very well, and his particular version of the "private eye" formula has some freshness.

Everybody likes a bargain, even the most extravagant of us, and there is a wistful kind of pleasure to be had in reading of the colossal bargains that somebody else made. ADVENTURES OF A TREASURE HUNTER (Gollancz. 15s.) supplies just this emotional need; in fact, it is almost too generous in this way, for the memoirs of Mr. Charles P. Everitt appear to be one long, triumphant list of rare books and pamphlets bought for a very subdued song and sold for thousands of dollars. Mr. Everitt, who died soon after he had completed this autobiography, was a dealer in rare books, and some of his transactions, partly due to a persistent streak of luck and partly to his own judgment, are enough to make the hair of the acquisitive stand straight up on end. Just as one instance, it was Mr. Everitt who got the equivalent of £5,000 for some first editions of Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, found by chance in a cellar. And if that doesn't start some cellar-searching, I don't know what will. Altogether, a fascinating book, written by an expert for the delight of non-experts.

The Provost of Worcester College, Dr. J. C. Masterman, has had the ingenious idea of writing a guide-book to Oxford in the manner in which the Fellows of another college might have planned it, in order to interpret Oxford to their American guests. The author assures us that there is no portrait of a living person in his book (and this especially applies, of course, to the portraits of dons), but nevertheless the book has a liveliness that is more than fictional. I enjoyed TO TEACH THE SENATORS WISDOM (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) thoroughly, in spite of a different allegiance, and hope that you may, too.

Professor L. B. Namier, one of the most distinguished of living historians, has given us a collection of essays under the title of AVENUES OF HISTORY (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), which are for every student of past and present world affairs, and for every reader who likes to see an odd corner of history illuminated, or a little-understood but well-known personage examined. The chapter on the friendship between the Emperor Francis Joseph and Frau Kathi Schratt is an example of Professor Namier's revealing but unsensational style, and his story of a German diplomatist, well known in London before the First World War, is a small miracle of compression and information.

Brigadier George Clifton, in his book THE HAPPY HUNTED (Cassell. 21s.), has written, not an escape story, but the story of no fewer than nine escape attempts that he made after his capture in 1942. In five of these he managed to break out of his place of confinement, twice he got back to the Allied lines, and on his ninth try was successful, reaching an American detachment, whose overwhelming hospitality only an iron constitution could stand. "Evidently," remarks Brigadier Clifton thoughtfully, "I have an iron constitution." This book of magnificent and high-spirited courage has a foreword by the writer's fellow New Zealander, General Freyberg, in which he writes that, fantastic as some of his adventures may appear, "the reader can take my assurance that they are not only true, but are an under-statement of what the author did, or attempted to do." There could scarcely be a better recommendation for a book of this kind than that, I think.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT (Clerke and Cockeran 9s. 6d.) is also a story of the war, but in another key, for this account by Mr. Christopher Burney of his eighteen months spent locked up alone, can have no trace of the swashbuckling, Elizabethan spirit of the Brigadier's exploits, but a contemplative spirit which shows an equal courage.

Mr. Salvador de Madariaga, historian, literary critic in many languages, political commentator and broadcaster, is one of the chief supporters of the European Movement and a powerful advocate of the cause of unity. His new book, PORTRAIT OF EUROPE (Hollis and Carter. 18s.), which he describes as an endeavour to paint a mural fresco of European life, deals with all the component nations, including the Irish, and is as witty and as urbane as the conversation of a gifted speaker. The statements the author makes are often provocative, generally original and never banal.

GWEN JOHN; GENIUS IN OBLIVION

Sir John Rothenstein Recalls a Forgotten Artist in His New Volume of Critical Studies

Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate, presents the first of his volumes of critical biographical studies under the title of MODERN ENGLISH PAINTERS: SICKERT TO SMITH (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.), and we are promised in due course a second volume, *Wyndham Lewis to Lucien Freud*, the whole constituting a survey of modern English painting. The first book deals in all with seventeen painters, among them Walter Sickert (that master of sober and exquisite colour, who so masterfully conjured up atmosphere); Philip Wilson Steer (creator of epic landscapes and at least one truly great portrait); James Pryde (that painter of poetic power but faltering purpose); and Augustus John (genius of uneven achievement, but of flame-like intuition). Sir John does not really approach his subjects biographically, preferring to discuss their painting at those points at which, as it appears to him, there may have been a change of direction. His treatment, however, has been deliberately varied, and he has been at pains to write in most detail about those artists whose lives and personalities are not well known; such, for example, as Gwen John, the sister of Augustus John, who occupies but a tiny niche in the public memory, whose memory is indeed in danger of oblivion. Gwen John's early days of austerity, when she painted in France and lived on a diet of bread and figs, were days of courage and implacable clear-sightedness. Isolated from contemporary influences, despite her emotional links with Rodin and Rilke, despite her close adherence to Roman Catholicism, Gwen John pursued her own determined way. Sir John believes her to have been "one of the finest painters of our time and country." Her elusive personality, however, clearly eludes him, as it has eluded others; but he says enough, and he says it in such a way, to make the reader feel that it is imperative we should know more of this artist who scorned all the comforts of mankind, progressing serenely in her calling, unmindful of current modes of feeling, heedless of her own health, but sure in her touch, and no less sure in her insight into character.

The light that comes from Orion's Rigel probably started on its journey through space about the time Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. The Novæ (exploding stars) often have their great day a thousand years before man espies them. By such simple illustrations James C. Hickey brings before readers how we actually can live in the past of the outer universe; that the farther we see the more we project ourselves backward in time. His new volume, INTRODUCING THE UNIVERSE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.), is an admirable and straightforward account based upon man's latest knowledge, in particular our knowledge of the remote galaxies beyond the Milky Way which is being added to through the great telescope now in action on Mount Palomar. As more powerful telescopes have been built, declares Mr. Hickey, as man has penetrated farther and farther into the cosmic depths, there has been no apparent thinning out of galaxies, no indication that we are approaching the boundaries of the mysterious physical world.

Denis Compton, whose new and sparkling brand of cricket is a reminder of those days in 1949 before his knee injury, when he carried all before him, is the author of IN SUN AND SHADOW (Stanley Paul. 13s. 6d.), a volume in which his lively personality does not fail to emerge. Compton discusses at some length his last Australian tour, when his game was so much in the shadows. He comes to the conclusion that Australian talent now maturing is not particularly formidable, and that Britain's chances of regaining the Ashes in 1953 are rosier than at any period since pre-war days.

Another noted sporting personality, Frank Atherton Brown, who has the ability to write engagingly, has produced his reminiscences of steeplechasing in SPORT FROM WITHIN (Hutchinson. 16s.). F. A. Brown went straight from Eton to the steeplechase saddle, spurning further scholarship as dull and tedious. His career now belongs to Turf history, and these sidelights upon it, written with modesty and humour, will surely have a strong appeal.

Bernard Newman, writer of more than fifty books, spy stories, travel books and serious commentaries upon European affairs, is the author of SOVIET ATOMIC SPIES (Robert Hale. 15s.), a sensational account of sensational happenings in this uneasy post-war world. Among other things, he tells us that it is now widely believed that one of the Russian atomic explosions in 1949 was premature and killed a large number of German and Russian scientists. In assessing the relative importance of the great betrayers of Western atomic information, Mr. Newman points to Pontecorvo as only second to Fuchs, for the latter, he says, had access to all the Los Alamos and Oak Ridge information; nothing, it seems, was withheld from him. Pontecorvo, who fled from the West and is working behind the Iron Curtain to-day, has, says Mr. Newman, probably helped to solve for the Soviets the problem of quantity production of fissionable material.

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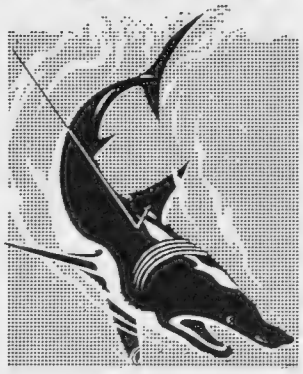

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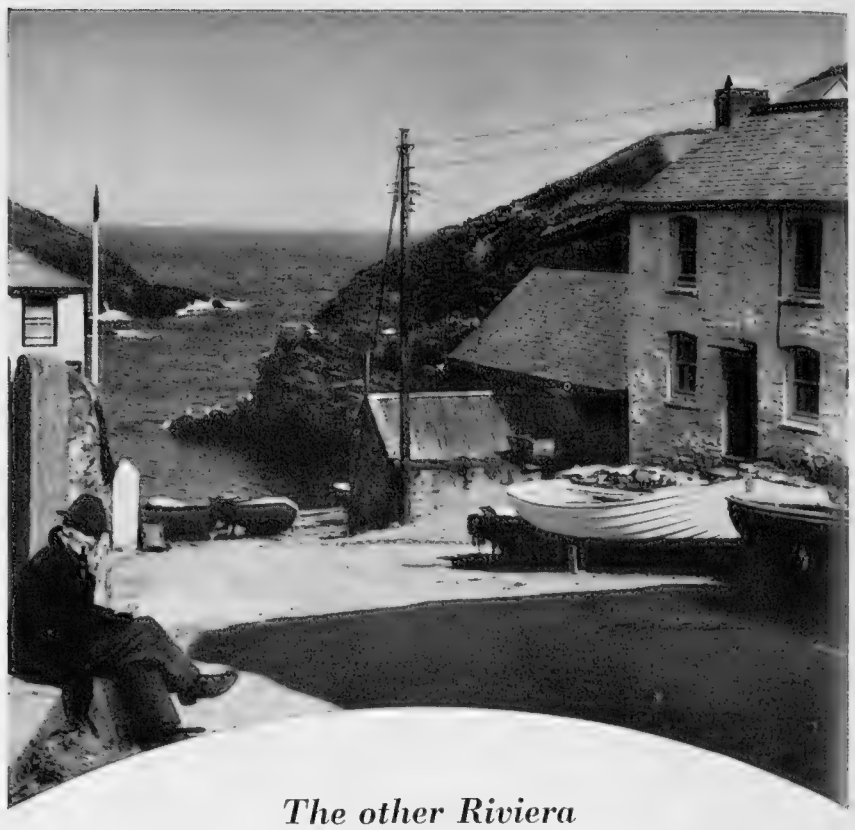

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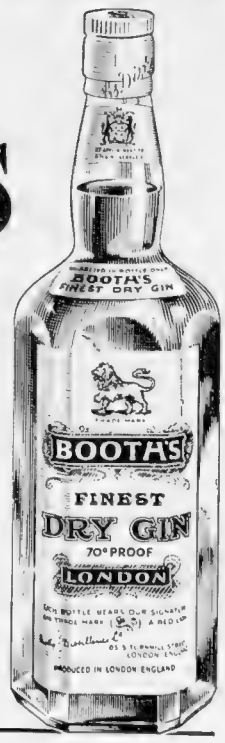

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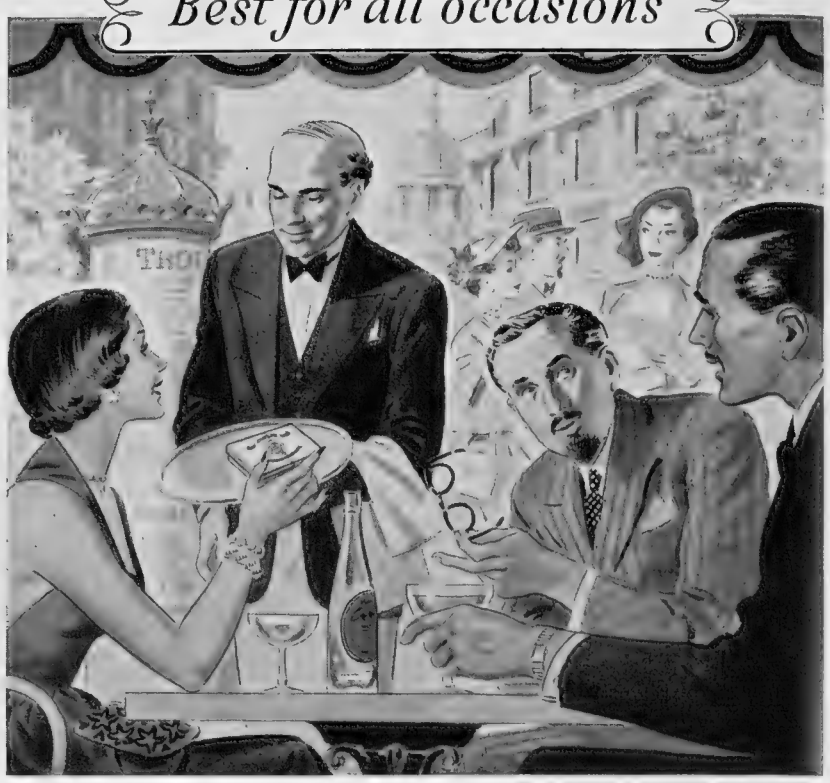

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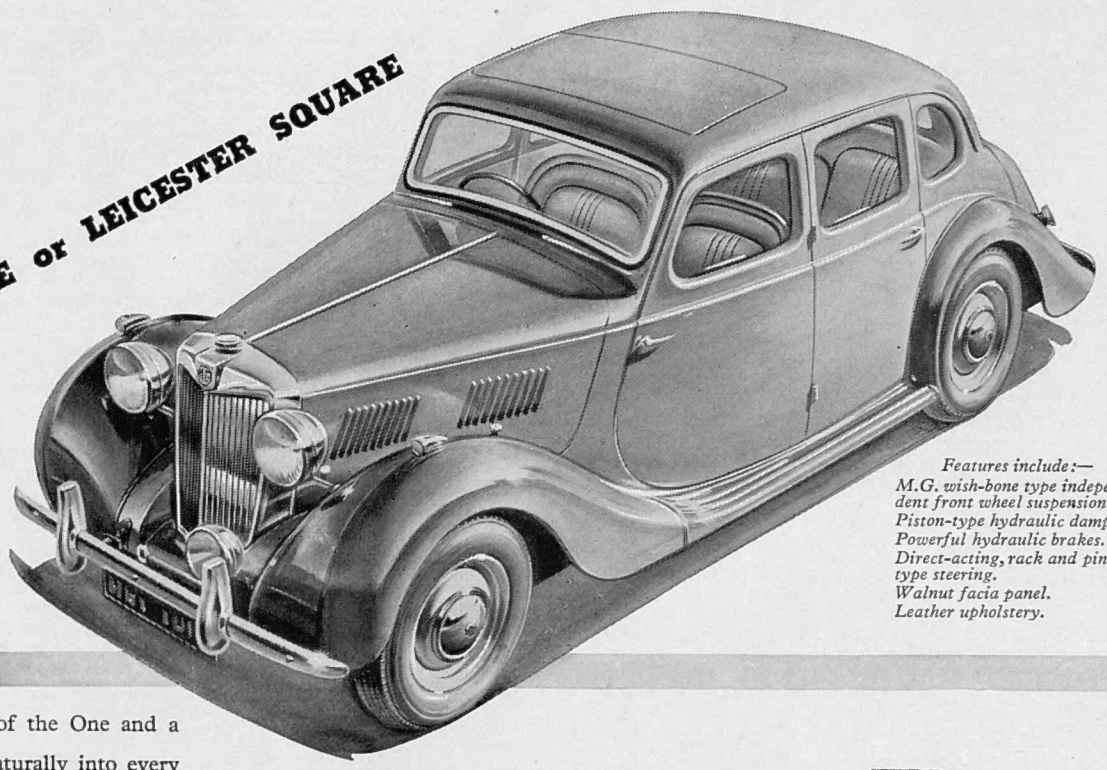

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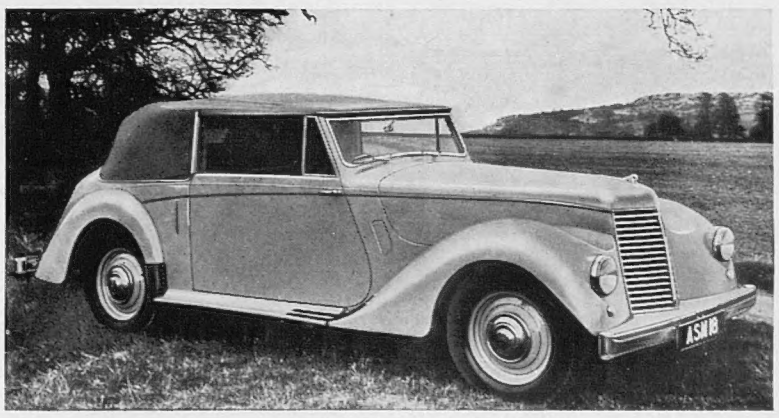

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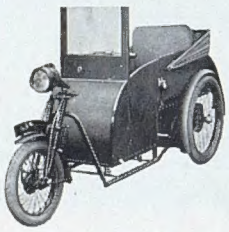

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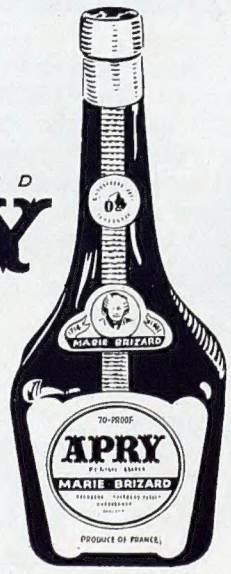

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SOCIAL PAGE

US

Some of us will be breathing a sigh of relief now that to its close draws High Summer. What a month it has been for all of us. Dutiful at Lord's, wise at the Horse Show, and surprised, once again, in the Stewards' Enclosure, at the mad rush of Henley, belying the leafy peacefulness of the River—Death in the Afternoon! One longs, now, to relax in the friendlier, impromptu atmosphere of Goodwood and breathe the air, fresher of the sea, at Cowes. Yet how English it all is, how English we all are.

Deb's Diary

I arrived bright and early at the opening of the Schweperelli show. Among men—yes, men—present were my friend Jock "Bingle" Bog-Boggs, and Tony Schwepp-Schweppingham, with whom I chatted.

Schweptuagenarian SWIMS CHANNEL

Aunt of Peer's Secretary fed with Tonic Water and Gravy

SURPRISING INTERVIEW

When questioned, Mrs. Boss was understood to say that she "didn't enjoy it, feet very tired," and "needed strong spectacles for threading a needle". Lord Fairchild, interested in the race, said "Good going"

COMING OUT
in H.M.S. Schweppshire

Miss Fiona fffield, seen enjoying herself by the floodlit ha-ha in the grounds

Charity Matinee
AT THE SCHWEMBASSY THEATRE

of Schwan House, is not the only one "just-out" present who can wear

INFORMAL EVENING
at Schwepstow Castle

a diamond tiara and take a tumble on skis with equal grace.

Well-known Dog Lovers to Wed

Sir Leonard Leg-Legge and his bride Miss Jones met through a mutual animal hobby. Yes, photographed below is *her* Uralian Setter, *his* Breton Half-shank Poodle.

ALPINE WEDDING

Johnny "Dalgardo" Phipps, once his hands are off the wheel of his Bentley, loves to scramble up the more fashionable peaks of the Piz Früenfrü. Guests applaud as his bride eagerly climbs Wedding Cake Mountain.

WAGNERIAN WEDDING

BLANKNESSE-FURTHERMORE. Lady Furthermore's younger daughter, keen horsewoman yet fond of books, plans a music career. Train-bearers, Wagnerianly attired, piquantly completed the "Ring" theme.

SOUTHWARD BOUND

Lady Bruce Wince Wincester, off to Schwischia

Miss Joan Crash, nineteenth cousin to the Earl of Schweppey, off to Schwischl

The Honorable Davina Crash, off to Aix-la-Schweppelle

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

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